


REAL LIFE AND
ORIGINAL SAYINGS
OF W. H. BOOK



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WILLIAM HENRY AT THE AGE OF 36.

REAL LIFE
AND
ORIGINAL SAYINGS

BY
W. H. BOOK.

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INTRODUCTION.

This is a scientific age, and men are in love with facts. We spend our days and nights over the story of the earth, the air, the sea, and the sky. We are dazzled by the achievements of the inventor, who has made the whole world a whispering gallery, bridged the ocean, harnessed steam and lightning, outwinged the flight of time, turned night into day, supplemented the five senses of the body, and augmented every known mortal power. Apparently we stand with trembling hearts by the half-open door which will give us the clue to the mystery of all mysteries—life. To the ancient arts, that pleased the taste, we have added the modern sciences that help the hand to lift life's burdens. To the ancient philosophies, which enriched the intellect, we have added the old, yet ever new, Gospel which purifies the heart. We may well be proud of our achievements. Yet man, the first great fact of the intelligent world, will ever remain the supreme interest of time.

Man is vastly more than any of his

achievements, and his soul more than the wonders of the physical world. Created out of the earth and in the likeness and image of God, he combines within the circle of his own being the marvels of the natural and spiritual worlds.

Through the upper windows of his soul he sees the glory of spiritual things and knows himself great, as if throngs of angels had passed by and showered upon him the roses of Heaven. But, alas! his dreams flit in the luminous regions above him, and only once or twice in a life do they (and then with broken wing) drop down into the plain every-day, where weary feet tread in the mire. In hope man is a conqueror, while in practice too often he is a slave.

And every one has in himself the sunshine and the shadow. All the triumphs and tragedies of life are first experienced in the silent chambers of the heart. There, behind a veil which no human gaze can penetrate, are fought the battles which mean most for the world. There first come the roseate ideals which fill the halls of the imagination with the foregleams of the after life. Here are born the impulses which are the structural forces in the golden temple of character. This is like-

wise the realm of temptations. They creep in stealthily, like the shadows of twilight, silent heralds of the coming night marching across the dreaming meadows. They come, most calculated thus to undo us, like the soft music of bells pealing their chimes amidst the hills. They hurl themselves upon us like an army storming a fort, thus at last either to make us invincible or destroy us forever. Hence it is that books which relate simply and naturally even a few things of the inner life are at once the most charming and helpful. It has often come to pass that such a book has been greater than an institution. Those who write them put us under lasting obligations.

This book, the honor of opening which to the reader has fallen to me, belongs to such a class. It is not too much to congratulate the reader on the pleasant journey before him in perusing these pages. He will find in it laughter and tears, ideas that stimulate and thoughts that console. Many a flash-light is thrown on the way of life, and a number of tangles, made in the skein of Christian thought by sectarianism, are straightened out. It presents correctly the psychology of conversion, and, amidst the

Babel of wrangling voices, sustains in clear unfaltering notes the song that all Christendom will one day sing in the harmony of brotherly peace. On some of the great moral and ethical questions of the day there are found those who waver, but in the pages of this book we will behold one steady, pure, white light. In places we will stop to argue with the book, and well for us if we do not come out worsted.

As I turn the pages they seem to me like a series of pictures. There is the picture of a growing soul, of a struggle against hard obstacles to reach the secure heights of usefulness and influence. There are pen portraits of pioneer preachers and teachers, and other men, who were to thousands like the open windows of Heaven. The memory of such lofty souls is the most precious heritage of any people, and there are scores who with tears of gratitude reverently speak their names, and hold it as the sweetest hope of life that they will again look into their faces. There are pictures of the customs and habits of a people who are fast changing. Isolated in their mountain retreats from the strong, surging currents of progress, these people have lived apart, and in their veins flows the purest

blood of those who generations ago crossed the ocean to find an undisturbed altar and an unburdened field. In them survives almost to this day the customs, thoughts, dreams, and ambitions of a century ago. Simple in habits of living, with no riches to cumber or distract, and no noisy world to bother them, the questions of the soul have been the chief ones. They have a theology all their own, and whoever disturbs it will find the fire and iron of resistance that, in people situated otherwise in other days, made the pages of history sanguinary.

But the rich treasures of iron and coal stored under these blue mountains have invited people of other customs and other thoughts to come and build their homes where Nature seems to do her best under the witchery of the ever-changing colors of sunrise and sunset, summer and winter, autumn and spring, till all the world seems a throbbing incarnation of the spirit of beauty.

Up the narrow valleys, through groves of pine and oak, along the way marked out by the crystal streams, railroads are creeping, and the iron horse comes and goes with his load. The smoke of the factory mingles with the evening and morning clouds, and

the lights and shadows that play on the wooded hills are not altogether of Nature's making. The little crazy mills, that seemed to grow tired with the day's work, and had to rest at night, are succeeded by those of greater power, that never weary with their labor. The crude school, where the master was able to teach as much because of his physical courage as by his mental attainments, is giving way to the graded school. The log cabin is disappearing. The people are looking over the blue rims of their beautiful mountains, and discover beneath them at their feet the great, busy, self-conscious world. And its dress, its songs, its culture, its thoughts, they are learning. This book gives pictures of the transition. It writes a kind of history that makes it possible to write History. It shows us the growth of a man, of a people, of a religion—types of all things growing toward the eternal Good, under the tender broodings of the Great Oversoul.

B. A. ABBOTT.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 15, 1900.

REAL LIFE

OR

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND ORIGINAL SAYINGS

BY

W. H. BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

In 1861, when the call came in Dixie for volunteers to meet the Union armies in deadly struggle, a young man, who lived in New Castle, a little village nestled among the mountains of blue and the spurs of the Alleghanies, in Craig county, Va., felt his heart throb with patriotism, and, in company with his associates, answered the call. He turned his back upon his home, to which he was devoted, and, after saying farewell to his young bride and other loved ones, he marched away to join the armies of his native State. He was in most of the battles that were fought in Virginia during the first two years of the war, and escaped without injury; but, on the 3d of July, 1863, after making a long, hot, tiresome march from Chambersburg, Pa., to Gettysburg, in the same State, he found himself in Pickett's

division, making that famous charge upon the enemy, which was led by Hancock, of the Northern army. When the Federal guns seemed to be hushed into silence by the Confederate batteries, he was marching across the open plain, charging their breast-works. After the ammunition of the Confederates had been exhausted and the artillery was not able to reply to the shot and shell which was being hurled into the advancing columns, he, with others of his company, never flinching, moving steadily on, broke into double-quick, and drove everything before them. But just before they reached the rock wall, where they planted their flags and shouted with a hope of victory, this brave young man received the shot that took his life; and there, in the burning sun, among the dead and dying, away from home and loved ones, he baptized that historic spot with his blood, and bravely died for what he believed to be right. Nearly every man in his company was either killed or wounded.

On the following day, July 4th, a son was born to this brave father, and while a mother was rejoicing in the gift of a son, her joy was soon mingled with sorrow for the death of a husband. She was left poor and almost



WILLIAM HENRY'S MOTHER.

homeless. Naturally, the question uppermost in her heart was, "How am I to support my child?" At this time provisions were scarce, and money was hard to get, even by those who were considered wealthy. "What must I do? Must I give him into other hands? No; I will, by the help of God, who careth for the widow and the orphan, keep him, and, if necessary, sacrifice myself for him," was the decision of the mother. Many times she found it necessary to take bread from her own mouth to satisfy the hunger of her child; and more than once she found it necessary to earn his bread in the sweat of her face.

She was not ashamed to take her hoe, and, with it, spend long, hot summer days digging her living out of the ground at twenty-five cents per day. She believed in the Scripture found in Proverbs, chapter xxxi., 10-31: "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. * * * She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she plant-

eth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good : her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor ; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household. * * * Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed. * * * Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain : but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands ; and let her own works praise her in the gates." Yes, she was not afraid of work. Often, after working hard in the field, she would walk two miles, that she might be with her child at night in her humble, but precious home, and on the following day she would go with her small earnings in search of bread, often having to walk twenty-five miles in order to secure the half-bushel of corn. But God was with her, and the

lessons, while hard, were food for the soul. She taught her child to trust in God, our Heavenly Father ; to read His Word, and to strive for that home above the skies. Often now he thinks of the lessons learned then, and thanks God for the life of a good mother. When she would tell him about God and heaven, he would ask, " Where is heaven ? " Mother would say, " Up above the sky." Then the child would look toward the west, and there was a beautiful mountain, and the sky seemed to come down and touch it ; and he would think in his heart, Heaven is not far away, after all ; it's only a few miles to the top of that mountain ; and, if I could only get there, all I would have to do would be to straighten up, and I would be in heaven, and could see the angels, Jesus, and God ! He longed to be able to climb to the top. By and by he did, but he was disappointed and surprised, when he reached the top, to find that the sky was not there ; but touching another mountain farther toward the west. Surely, he said, it is there ; and, if I can get to that spot, I will be in heaven. But again was he surprised to find, when he had climbed to its heights, that it was still farther on. Now this experience serves him a good purpose when he thinks

of the future life. When he was converted he saw before him a mountain of sin, and he felt, if God would only help him to climb to the top, he could then say : Lord, I am perfect. But as God enabled him to climb above the sin, he found there was another mountain, one that had been made invisible by the one nearest him ; and he has been climbing mountains for twenty-three years, and now feels that he will not be perfect until he reaches his last mountain, which will be in death ; and then, standing upon his mount of transfiguration, stripped of all carnality, he will be free from the guilt, the power, and presence of sin.

When the boy was four years old his mother was married to C. W. Elmore, a son of Elder A. J. Elmore, of Craig county. A kinder and more tender-hearted man has not lived within the past century. He, unlike many step-fathers, was devoted to his stepson.

In 1869 he moved to Snowville, Va. There William Henry (for this is what we will call him) had his first experience in school. He never enjoyed many of the advantages offered by the free schools : being poor, he had to work. I suppose two years would cover the time spent in these schools. It is

true he entered almost every session, which lasted three, four, and five months ; but he could go only irregularly—sometimes one, sometimes two, and sometimes three days in a week.

His first teacher was a Mr. Snow (but the pupils were often made to believe it was too warm for snow). He received instruction in the public school from the following persons : T. Snow, J. T. Showalter, T. Bill, James Crist, — Foster, A. W. Webb, P. B. Abbott, William Kyle, and Miss Kate Palmer. Foster, Snow, and Bill have gone to their reward ; Webb is clerk of the courts of Craig county ; Abbott is a lawyer, a teacher, and a preacher ; Showalter is a preacher of wide experience, and Miss Palmer is now the wife of Dr. L. B. Moore, of Frederick county, Va.

It was in Snowville that William Henry got his first and best knowledge of the Bible. He attended the Sunday-school, with D. A. Ammen as superintendent, and the following persons acted as his teachers : Miss Clara Abell, the daughter of George W. Abell, one of the greatest preachers of his time, and Mrs. W. H. Smith, a sister of D. A. Snow, who has preached the Gospel with power.

It was here, in Snowville Sunday-

school, with these excellent teachers, that he memorized whole chapters of the Scripture, which have proved a help and comfort to him in life.

While he was not addicted to the use of profane words, and had not contracted many of the evil habits found among the majority of the boys of that time, we would not have you to think for a moment that he was a paragon of goodness or a saint. Such was not the case. He was full of mischief. Nothing delighted him more than to be able to play a practical joke on his play-mates, the teacher, or any one else, if he could. Naturally, a boy of this temperament would have some rough sailing occasionally upon the sea of life. Often he would come home with a part of the roof removed from his nose, and sometimes with a swollen lip and a black eye. But none of these things moved him : he would have his fun, even at a great cost. From the earliest dawn of his recollection he has been afraid of dogs, and his chums never found it hard to get even with him when they could call one of the canine family to their assistance. William Henry would proceed at once to elevate himself in their estimation, provided a tree was near.

About seven years were spent in Snowville, which is known as the Jerusalem of America, and we would not for a moment dispute its claims. In the next chapter we speak of this place.

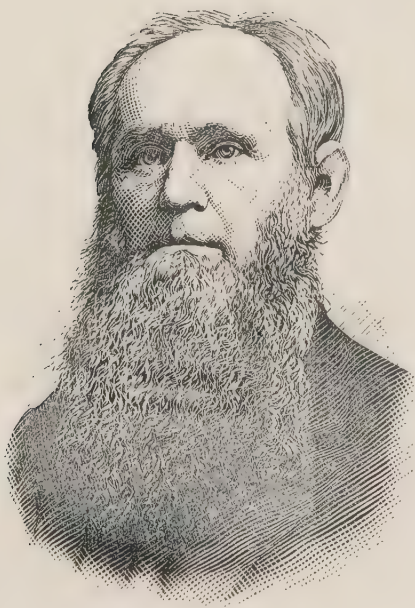
CHAPTER II.

SNOWVILLE—BACK TO NEW CASTLE—EXPERIENCE IN SCHOOL AND BAPTISM—BELIEVES IN GENESIS III., 19.

We promised to tell you why Snowville is called the Jerusalem of America. Well, many years ago a man from one of the New England States came to this part of the State and settled. The man was old Father Snow, father of our aged brother, D. A. Snow, who was one among the first to preach the simple Gospel in Virginia. He is one of the most logical men in the "restoration movement." He exerted a wide influence in the counties of the Southwest, and to-day young preachers are reaping from his wise sowing. Soon other families came, and it was not long before a town was begun. Snowville, named after Brother Snow, is in Pulaski county, situated on a bluff overlooking Little river. Such men as Chester Bullard, Shelor, George Abell, Shelburne, Ammen, Showalter, Bill, Godby, Palmer, and a host of others (good people) too numerous to mention, settled at this point, and it was soon recognized as the headquarters for so-called Campbellism.

Dr. C. Bullard was in all probability the first one to preach the Gospel as we now believe it in the State. He was not a Campbellite. He had not heard Campbell, but he searched the Scriptures, and was convinced that the doctrines held by the denominations were not supported by the Word of Truth. He reasoned in this way : " If faith is a direct gift from God, and I am a dead sinner, not capable of believing, and die without it, am I lost ? The Bible says, ' He that believeth not shall be damned,' and without faith I cannot please God ; then, if God does not give me faith, I cannot believe : therefore God is responsible for my damnation. But the Bible teaches me that God is love, and He is my father, and does not will that any should perish, but that all should be saved." He could not reconcile the last statement with the first. By and by he read Romans x., 6-17. The light flashed upon his soul. " Faith comes by hearing the Word of God," not by praying for it ; and " the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Romans i., 16.) He saw it now as he had never seen it before, and ever after that he preached it as it was taught him by the Spirit through the Word. When he met Alexander Campbell, in the city of

Charlottesville, he found that he had been preaching what Campbell was preaching, and what was called Campbellism. They believed the same thing. Why not? They had been reading and studying the same book of doctrine—not a human creed, but the Bible; and the Bible makes Christians, and not Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Episcopalians. It takes a Methodist Discipline to make a Methodist, a Philadelphia Confession of Faith to make a Baptist, a Westminster Confession to make a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian prayer-book to make an Episcopalian, and an Augsburg Confession to make a Lutheran; but the New Testament will make a Christian only. Brother Bullard was one of the most eloquent preachers that ever stood in a pulpit. As an exhorter he was not excelled. Thousands were converted under his ministry. He preached nearly all over the State, and his name became a household word in nearly every home. He died about seven years ago, at his home in Snowville, leaving a wife and one son, Brother W.S. Bullard, who is doing a good work as the pastor of the church at Radford, Va. He was past eighty when he died. He left us triumphantly in the Lord, but his works follow him.



DR. C. BULLARD.

For years the church at Snowville was the banner church in the State. It was located in the centre of a large district, and great crowds would go up to Jerusalem from Judea, Samaria, Galilee, and the regions around about to attend the annual co-operations, as they were then called. At these annual gatherings there would be preachers from all parts of the State, and delegates would come from their churches, sometimes seventy-five miles on horseback, with encouraging reports, telling of the hundreds added to the Lord. Not much time, however, was given to financial reports, foreign or home missions. Then the Gospel was without money and without price, and people could thank God that their religion had not cost them one cent!

The following preachers have gone out from Snowville: W. S. Bullard, of whom we spoke; J. T. Taylor, of Bland county, who is doing a good work; J. D. Hamaker, now of Strasburg, and F. F. Bullard, of Lynchburg. Brother Hamaker is known as the bishop of the Valley of Virginia. For a number of years he has labored with great success in that field. He is loved by all who know him. Brother F. F. Bullard is yet a young man in years, but old in experience. He has

had marvelous success, and is one of the best pastors among us. He has labored successfully at Wytheville, Va., Greensburg, Pa., and Lynchburg, Va.

In 1876 C. W. Elmore returned to New Castle, and William Henry, believing in Genesis iii., 19, proceeded to find employment. Soon he found that one, J. W. McCartney, was anxious to have some land cleared, and he at once applied for a job. Mr. McCartney told him he would take him for twenty-five cents per day (a day meaning from sun to sun in August), provided he would board himself. Believing \$1.50 per week was better than nothing, he accepted the position, and soon was seen, with axe in hand, *en route* to the wood land. The pine trees were made to fall left and right. Six days were soon ended, and he was tired enough, had he been a Sabbatarian, to obey the Law. How his heart was cheered, though, when he thought of a man owing him as much as \$1.50, and all at one time! He believed himself rich! Not many months had passed before he was getting forty cents per day. During the summer months he would work on the farm, in the garden, or at the wood-pile, and when the time came for the opening of the public

schools, which then lasted three and four months, he was only too glad to drop the shovel and the hoe, and take in their place the speller, reader, and slate. Some of his happiest days were spent in the school-room in New Castle. His first teacher in this town was a man by the name of Foster, a typical Presbyterian. As a teacher, he was of the old-fashioned order; but a man of most excellent Christian qualities, well educated, but a little slow, and too tender-hearted for the set of boys he had under his charge.

The school-house was an old, dilapidated frame dwelling, with large rooms, wide fireplaces, and small windows. The furniture consisted of plain, long, narrow, backless benches, an occasional cheap table used as a desk, many switches of many sizes stacked up in one corner of the house, a water bucket, a dipper, a shovel, and one chair, which was to be filled by the teacher.

Being the possessor of a bad temper, and full of a great deal of mischief, the youth was quite pugilistic. On his way home from school he often demonstrated his special gifts in this profession, only to find his nose had been relieved of an outside covering and his lip somewhat disfigured.

The drudgery of the school was often irksome, and he would not hesitate to resort to all kinds of methods to free himself from the tasks that he might breathe the pure out-door air. He would present all kinds of excuses. Often he would argue the need of more fire, and the teacher would send him, with others, out to cut wood, and in this way he would for hours escape mental work, hiding behind the wood-pile. Then, when too much wood was put on the fire, the chimney would smoke, and many times he took advantage of this, and would force an extra recess by smoking the whole school out of the room. It is hardly necessary to say that all, with the exception of the teacher, enjoyed this. Sometimes the poor old man would fall on sleep, and then the boys (and girls, too) would have a jubilee until the old gentleman would be aroused by a strong paper-wad that had missed its aim.

The next teacher was Jim Crist, an old widower, but a fine teacher. He was well up in methods, full of zeal, and unusually bright. He was especially gifted in applying "hickory oil," and many of the boys, who had contracted such troubles as idleness, and mischief,

disagreeableness, and such like, improved rapidly under his treatment. One time William Henry, overflowing with fun, better known as mischief, went up to the black-board and put this problem on the board : "If a haystack cost \$5.00, how far is it to Newport?" When the teacher's eyes fell upon the board he ordered him to rub it out at once, which he immediately did; but before taking his seat he put on the board another one equally as hard to solve : "If two quarts of white beans make a half gallon, how many apples will it take to make a pint of cider?" When the teacher saw this he ordered the young American to solve it, which he did by cause and effect, stating that the effect of the apples mashed would be cider. One day he went to the assistant teacher with the sentence, "Mary milks the cow." "Cow," said he, to his instructor, "is a pronoun." "That cannot be," was the teacher's reply ; "it is a noun." "What is a pronoun?" asked the boy. "It is something that stands for a noun," was the reply. "Then what part of speech is Mary?" asked the student. "It is a noun," said the teacher. "Then, if Mary is a noun, does not the cow stand for her? If not, how could she milk her? So you see cow is a

pronoun, and stands for Mary," replied the mischievous boy. One day when he was reciting to another teacher, the class parsed egg as a common noun of the neuter gender. He objected by saying: "Egg is a common noun; the shell is the case, but we do not know what the gender is until it is hatched."

We will now tell you something of his religious life. He had, from his first recollections, loved Christ and Christian people, and the New Testament had been the book of his childhood. He loved to think of the great lessons contained therein. He was fond of music and attended all of the singing classes taught in his towns, and when fourteen years old he led the music in the old church at New Castle. In his fourteenth year he attended a revival which was conducted in his town, and night after night he saw his school-mates take the step. He became greatly concerned about his soul's salvation. He went to an aunt to seek her advice about giving himself to Jesus; but she told him he was too young, and that he had better wait until he was older and was sure he could hold out. This did not satisfy him. He went to another aunt, and told her what he wanted to do. She, too, said

he was too young, and had better defer the matter until he understood the subject better, and reminded him that he might go back, and thus bring shame and reproach upon the cause of Christ. There was a doctrine, then believed by many, that a child was not responsible under twelve years of age, and that the Church was for old men and old women, and that boys and girls had no business with religion. But this boy could not be satisfied with such theology. He remembered the words of Solomon, and that he, the wise man, a man of experience, had said: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—Eccl. xii., 1. He reasoned this way: Must I wait until I contract evil habits before God will have me? What sense would there be in a man's exposing his child to small-pox just to have the experience of curing him? If God loves me, will He not help me to hold out? Will it make me better to wait? Will it not be just as hard—yea, harder—to hold out if I wait for more experience? He believed that Jesus loved him, and he knew that he loved Jesus. Of course, there was much he could not under-

stand—much he could not know ; but was it a question of knowledge ? No ; it was a question of faith and trust. He believed, and he could obey. He said : “ I will go forward and give myself to Jesus. I may fall and be lost, but if I go to hell I will go there fighting the devil, and will tell him he need not rejoice over getting me, for I was his enemy.” Thank God, he went forward that night in March, 1877. Had he waited to understand all, he would not be a disciple to-day. He is much older, but finds he must walk by faith and not by sight. Of course, when the bare-footed boy went to the front, many said, as they thought of his mischievous life, he would soon give up the faith, and would go on as he had before. But, thanks be to God, he has been kept by the power of God’s grace up to the present. Of course he has fallen many times, but he fell facing the enemy, and he has never regretted that he started when a child.

He was a member of the Baptist denomination, the most influential denomination in the State. W. J. Wildman was his pastor. Mr. Wildman was a good man—tender, sympathetic, and kind in his manners. He was dignified, polished, and a most excellent preacher. At this period it



WILLIAM HENRY AT THE AGE OF 16.

was not customary for the young people to take an active part in church work. The members of mature age and experience were to do the work, while the younger ones would look on. The Church had not then learned that life means activity, and that where there is no activity stagnation and death must come, sooner or later. There can be no stand-still in the religion of Jesus. We are either growing better or worse. Going to heaven is like riding a bicycle—you must go or get off. Naturally, the young people in the church would become worldly. Why not? How could they keep from it, when there was nothing else to do?

Our young friend had by this time learned to play cards—"seven up," as it was called. He was taught in the home of an ex-preacher and by the preacher's wife and daughter. They said: "There is no harm in it. It is only an innocent game of amusement." He was not long in learning the game. Soon he could make "high, low, jack, gift, and the game." He became very fond of it, and would give up his work—yea, would close his Bible—to engage in this "innocent" (?) game of amusement! He soon began to frequent the ball-room—

another "innocent (?) amusement." There he found many of the members of the church, and often the dance would be given by parents who were considered consistent members of the body. Surely, he thought, if this is not the place for church members, these old people, who have been in the church for so long and who are the leaders, would not give dances and attend them. But conscience would often condemn him, and, after spending hours at the card-table or in the ball-room, he would go to his room, not to sleep, but to wonder if he were really God's child and doing his Father's will. He had read such inspired thoughts as these : "And be not conformed to this world ; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." (Rom. xii., 2) "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance ; but as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conduct." (I. Peter i., 14-15.) "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes,

and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.”—I. John ii., 15–17. “No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”—Mat. vi., 24. “Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.”—James iv., 4. “If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.”—John xv., 19. “I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.”—John xvii., 15. “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”—James i., 27. “Abstain from all appearance of evil.”—I. Thessalonians v., 22. “Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lascivi-

ousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like ; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—Gal. v., 19-21. "Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. For meat destroy not the work of God. All things indeed are pure ; but it is evil for that man who eateth with offence. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. Hast thou faith ? Have it to thyself before God. Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith ; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin."—Romans xiv., 19-23. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God."—II. Peter iii., 11, 12.

These Scriptures convinced him that

these so-called "popular, innocent amusements" were of the world—stumbling-blocks in the way of others; and he felt that he would not desire to have the Lord come and find him engaged in them.

Just about this time one, Mr. Hedrick, a Methodist circuit rider, came to New Castle and preached. He was as brave as a lion. He hit sin without gloves. He condemned worldly church members—those who played cards and danced. The sermon went straight home to our young brother, and he felt that the preacher meant to say, "Thou art the man." He determined to give them up, but he found it a hard thing to do.

An evangelist by the name of J. R. Harrison came to New Castle, and conducted a most successful revival. A large number confessed Christ. Mr. Harrison was plain and practical. He preached a number of strong sermons to the church, and urged upon them the necessity of personal work. He showed clearly from God's Word that the only way we could save ourselves was in saving others. William Henry was greatly moved, and decided then and there to be a worker. He immediately went back in the church to one of his associates, and said: "Jim, don't you think you ought to be a

Christian?" "Don't you think you ought?" was the quick reply. "I do not play cards, and you do; I do not dance, and you do." William Henry was condemned. He turned from his friend, determined, by God's help, to give up these things of the world and to try to be a consistent Christian—one who could talk to sinners.

When quite young he contracted the habit of cigarette smoking. He wanted to be a man—look big and smart—and he thought this was the way to be it. He continued this filthy, sinful habit until after he had entered the ministry. His nervous system was being wrecked, his brain impoverished, and his health injured. In 1886 he met a noted atheist, who told him that it was a bad example for one who professed to be a Christian. He did not taper off, but quit. This is the only way to break off from a bad habit. Now he wonders how a man can be a Christian and use tobacco! And to think of a man being a Christian preacher, with his mouth filled with the nasty stuff, is absurd. The only Scripture he could quote in its favor would be, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

A church member who would come into

God's house to worship, and there chew and spit tobacco-spit on the church floor, deserves to be taken out or shown the hole the carpenters left in the building. Gentlemen, if you will chew the stuff, do not chew it in the church. When you come to the church, stop at the door and take the little cud out of your mouth and put it on a chip; go in and hear the sermon, and, when the meeting has adjourned, you can go out and look on the same little chip, and there you can find the same little cud, for there is not a hog nor a dog in the State that will touch it. "Know you not," says Paul, "that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit." What right have you to defile the temple of the Holy Spirit? If you are in Christ, you are to be led by the Spirit. Can you imagine Christ chewing or smoking tobacco?

There is no greater evil than the cigarette sin. The National Convention of Charities and Correction was addressed by George Torrence, of Pontiac, Ill., Superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory, on "The Relation of Cigarettes to Crime." He said: "I am sure cigarettes are destroying and making criminals of more of them [meaning boys] than the saloons." In the Reformatory, at the time he spoke, there were 278 boys.

“Of sixty-three,” he said, “averaging twelve years of age, fifty-eight were cigarette smokers. Of eighty-two, averaging fifteen years, seventy-three were smokers. This demonstrates that ninety-two per cent. of the boys in that institution were addicted to cigarettes at the time they committed the crimes for which they were committed to the Reformatory.” What must the next generation be?—a generation of people dwarfed in mind and body. How can a father who smokes and chews rebuke his boy for walking in his footsteps? “Ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness.”

CHAPTER III.

AN OPPOSER OF CAMPBELLISM—A DESIRE TO TRAVEL—GUARDING A PRISONER—OFFERED A POSITION—AT HIS OLD HOME—HARD AT WORK—HIS FIRST SCHOOL.

Our young brother was as full of the spirit of discussion as an egg is full of meat, and, being a member of that sect that teaches that he that believeth and is saved shall be baptized ; and that repentance must come before faith ; and that faith is a direct gift from God—man being dead in sins, unable to believe, totally depraved, incapable of having one good thought, and therefore cannot receive the Gospel unless God sends upon him, in some mysterious, overwhelming, irresistible manner, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which will give him the power to believe ; and that, “by the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated or fore-ordinated to eternal life, through Jesus Christ, to the praise of His glorious grace ; others being left to act in their sin to their just condemnation, to the praise of His glorious justice.

“ These men and angels thus predestinated

and fore-ordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestinated to life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to His eternal, immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of His will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of His mere free grace and love, without any other thing in the creature as a condition or cause moving Him thereunto. As God hath appointed the elect unto glory, so He hath, by the eternal and most free purpose of His will, fore-ordained all the means thereunto, wherefore they who are elected, being fallen in Adam, are redeemed by Christ, are effectually called unto faith in Christ by His Spirit working in due season, are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by His power, through faith, unto salvation; neither are any other redeemed by Christ, or effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified, and saved, but the elect only. Man, by his fall into a state of sin, hath wholly lost all ability of will, to any spiritual good accompanying salvation; so as a natural man, being altogether averse from that

good and dead in sin, is not able by his own strength to convert himself, or to prepare himself thereunto.

“Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how He pleaseth; so also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the Word.

“Others not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the Word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit; yet, not being effectually drawn by the Father, they neither will, nor can, truly come to Christ; and therefore cannot be saved.”*

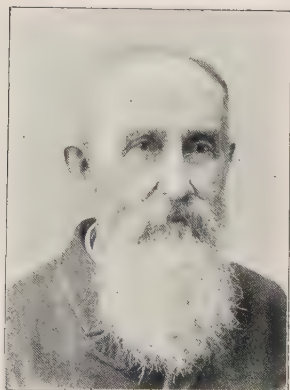
He could, with but little trouble, get into an argument. There were some people in his community commonly known as “Campbellites.” They did not have regular preaching, and were therefore not very well organized. An evangelist would visit them once or twice per year, whose name was P. B. Baber, of West Virginia. He was a strong Gospel preacher, and one of the best men in conversation that ever visited the town. He knew the Book, and was in his element

*Philadelphia Baptist Confession of Faith, pages 9, 10, 21, and 23.

when he stood before an audience to unfold its truths. For many years he preached in Alleghany district, and many were won to Christ through his earnest efforts. His strongest sermons were on Church unity. But few men could surpass him in the discussion of this theme.

The church did not believe much in a stipulated salary or the work of a regular pastor at that time. Such men as Cowgill, Baber, Bullard, Huffman, and Lucas would come, preach a few sermons, baptize the people, receive four or five dollars, and take their departure. They had a large field, one that embraced Alleghany, Botetourt, Roanoke, Franklin, Craig, Giles, Monroe, Montgomery, and Summers counties, which was generally evangelized by one man at a time. The young converts would be left to hunger and to die, or to drift along the best they could until the evangelist returned, when they would be reclaimed. For a few Lord's days after the evangelist had visited them they would meet and urge the necessity of observing the Lord's Supper statedly.

He believed, however, that he was a member of the true Church, and could trace it back to the apostles, and more, even to John the Baptist, though



P. B. BABER.

it could not be identified by its name; and he was in his glory when he could provoke an argument with one of these so-called "Campbellites." His texts to prove that baptism was not for the remission of sin are these: * (1) "Give all of the prophets witness that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (2) "And put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." (3) "That they may receive forgiveness of sin and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." (4) "But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise might be given to them that believe." (5) "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (6) "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (7) "For God so loved the

* (1) Acts x., 43.

(2) Acts xv., 9.

(3) Acts xxvi., 18.

(4) Gal. iii., 22.

(5) Romans v., 1.

(6) John iii., 14, 15.

(7) John iii., 16, 36.

world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." *(8) "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." His only argument for close communion was: (9) "I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils."

At this time he had not learned how to divide the Word of Truth; therefore his confusion.

Like all boys, he took a notion to travel. He did not have money then with which to secure a private car, and, therefore, secured a private pass on Walker's Lane *via* Potts' mountain. He packed his clothes in his old paste-board valise, put it on the baggage car without a check, and started on schedule time over the mountains of West Virginia, looking for work, and, as some one told him, praying he might not find it.

This time his car was side-tracked in a small village called Centerville, in Monroe county. He remained here just long enough to lose the desire for further explorations,

* (8) 1 John i., 7.

(9) 1 Cor. x., 20.

and, without any persuasion, started on the return trip. The experience gained this time was not of the most pleasant kind. At times he found it rather hard to keep the engine supplied with fuel, and often it appeared there must be a wreck for want of water, which was necessary to generate steam. For months there had been but little rain in that section ; many of the streams had gone dry, springs had refused to give forth, vegetation was parched, the roads were dry and dusty, and at times it seemed he must perish for want of water.

When he would call at the homes along the public highway he would be told that water was scarce, hard to get, had to be carried quite a distance, but that, in all probability, he could be accommodated at the next house. After a ten-mile run he came to a bold mountain spring, surrounded by beautiful willow trees. This was, to him, the most delightful spot on the earth just at that time. Here he lingered and permitted his engine to cool off. Soon he was back home, having travelled 120 miles and over three immense mountains. The round trip had cost him all of two cents. He was gone about two weeks, and in this time he made three cents ! Soon after

arriving at his home he secured a position that paid him \$1.00 per day, and lasted thirty days. It was that of a guard at the county jail. A desperate character, a full-grown jail-bird, which had come from the West, had been arrested and confined in the jail, and, being hard to hold, a guard was placed over him. This was a splendid opportunity to do personal work, and much of the time was spent in reading and explaining the Bible to the prisoners. One day a visitor came to the jail, and, seeing the guard, became impressed with him, and at once told him, if he could give a good recommendation, that he would give him a permanent position. The young man was pleased, and at once secured the recommendation, signed by some of the best men in the county. Imagine his surprise and indignation when a letter came stating that the position would be that of a saloon-keeper! He ordered his recommendation returned immediately, and, with pride, accepted a place on a farm at small wages and a good conscience. Here it was demonstrated that even for saloon-keepers moral, honest, upright men are more sought after than are indolent, immoral, dishonest ones.

Again he took a notion to travel, and this

time in a different direction. He lived twenty-two miles from a railroad, and he knew of no better way to get to the railway station than to walk. The night before leaving he went to bed, but not to sleep. He was travelling through the valleys and climbing mountains and wading creeks between New Castle and Salem. He could see every turn in the road ; his feet were sore, and he was tired.

In his imagination he had travelled 500 miles. Next morning he found himself anything else but refreshed. When he was ready to start a gentleman drove up with a conveyance : he was going in the direction of Salem, and was ready to give him a free ride of twelve miles. The invitation was accepted and the journey begun, but not much enjoyed. You ask, Why ? Well, he was thinking of the other end of the route—the next ten miles that he would have to walk when he would separate from his accommodating friend. Soon the time came for the separation, but at this point another man was found *en route* to Salem, and he kindly invited the young traveller to join himself to his chariot. The invitation was accepted and the journey was completed, and without sore feet or tired limbs,

as he imagined he must have. This taught him a lesson that you might do well to learn, too. Do not borrow trouble ; never cross a bridge until you come to it ; do not meet sickness and misfortune half way. The devil is the only one who lends trouble. He manufactures it, and is pleased when one of God's children comes for an extra load. He lends it gladly, and wishes not that you should pay it back. These trouble-borrowers are always looking on the dark side of life ; they are opposed to sunshine ; they reside in a dark, damp, musty atmosphere, where the germs of disease live. Many of them were born in the dark of the moon. They go about with microscopes, looking for defects. Give them a ripe, luscious peach, and they will at once examine for worms. Of course, they read such promises as these : "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee," and "cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." But they do not believe them. There are many infidels inside of the church.

We are reminded of an amusing incident that happened, I am told, in the State of Maryland. A man was driving through the country one day, when he came upon an Irishman with a heavy pack on his back.

“Get up in my wagon and ride,” said the gentleman. The Irishman obeyed. Several miles had been traveled, and not a word had been spoken. The gentleman, thinking something was wrong, looked around, to find that Pat was down in the wagon with the pack on his back. “Why don’t you put that pack down?” shouted the driver. “Faith, and I didn’t know you meant to take me and the pack too,” replied Pat. How many so-called Christians are like this Irishman? They act as one who did not believe Christ meant to take him and his troubles too. It is not work that kills, but it is the worry. The revolutions of the wheel do not wear out the axle, but the friction does. A Christian cannot hear bad news. The promise is: “All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”—Romans viii., 28.

William Henry took the train at Salem for Christiansburg. This was his first actual experience with a real steam car. He had seen it once or twice before at a distance, but never before had he personally come into contact with the thing. He had read of railroads and railroad wrecks, and how people had been, because of their familiarity

with it, smashed to pieces. It will not be denied by him when we say he felt just a little bit nervous when the iron horse opened its nostrils and began to puff. Soon he was dashing through the beautiful Roanoke Valley at a rate of forty miles per hour. It was some time before he was really accustomed to that mode of travel. By and by a gentleman, with blue clothes, came into the car yelling, "Apples, oranges, candies, papers, and magazines of the latest date." "Ah! and this is what they give extra," thought our friend; and do you know that he came within one of filling his pockets from this fruit-basket? He had heard of letters being mailed on the train, and now was the time for him to write to a friend. He wrote his letter, put it into an envelope, sealed it, and dropped it on his seat, thinking it was then mailed. He has never received an answer, neither has the letter been returned. Soon the brakeman yelled, "Christiansburg!" Here he got off. It was late in the evening, and he had twelve miles to go. Being anxious to reach Snowville that day he took a farewell look at the iron horse as it moved on; then on No. 2 he started on the private route. Soon the sable curtain of night had fallen over the earth, but he kept

on—only to find that he had missed his way. Tired, hungry, and sleepy, he found himself in front of a beautiful farm dwelling, where lived a man of wealth. He asked for lodging, but was refused. He offered money in advance, but the answer was “No.” After much importuning, however, he was told to go into an office, which proved to be his granary, and there, upon the hard floor, his coat for a pillow, he spent a cold, disagreeable night. The next morning, bright and early, he renewed his journey, and, after walking seven miles, arrived at Snowville in time for breakfast.

There had been many changes in the little village. A number of faces, formerly recognized by him when a child, had changed, and not a few of the old citizens had gone to their reward. He at once secured a position on the farm of old “Father” Dr. C. Bullard, at \$17 per month, boarding himself. During this time he did the hardest work of his life. He did not, however, neglect his mental work. After the day’s labor on the farm was done he would go to his bed, and there, upon his back, study until late. He had access to W. S. Bullard’s library, which was one of the best in the State.

At the close of the summer he returned to

New Castle, where he labored on the farm, mined iron ore, quarried slate, and did whatsoever his hands found to do, with his might. When the public schools opened he was invited to take charge of a country school, which had the reputation of being hard to manage, and which had made for itself a name. The school was back in the mountains, where the people had had but few advantages. They were a kindly-disposed class of people, if you got hold of them in the right way—kind and hospitable in their homes; but they generally wanted their own way. It was with much fear and trembling he went before the examining board, which consisted of one man, an old bachelor, with a view of securing a certificate. After answering the set questions given him by the superintendent, he was given a certificate, and with this he went to the school trustees and contracted for a school at \$22.50 per month. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents was not much when considered alone; but he secured board, room, &c., at \$4.00 per month, meaning solid time. The place where he boarded was not like a fashionable watering-place, but a better bill of fare would be hard to find. The following things were included

in the bill of fare: Fresh pork, rabbit, vegetables, biscuit, corn bread, buckwheat cakes, cane molasses, honey, venison, apple butter, plenty of milk and butter, and many other things too numerous to mention, and all for \$4.00 per month, and thirty days to the month! There were old-fashioned fires, in large fire-places, filled with logs of hickory, oak, and chestnut, which were encouraged to burn by the use of great big fat pine-knots. But where did he sleep? Up in the loft, next to the board roof. This was reached, not by the winding stairs, but by a kind of ladder. The snow would gently find its way through the cracks of the roof into his room, and would silently, but surely, melt when it came in contact with the bed. The room was well ventilated, but he never suffered from cold. He was snugly tucked in by many home-made blankets and an extra feather bed, and all for \$4.00 per month! He did not have luxuries in the way of electric or gas lights, but pine-knots and tallow candles were at his disposal.

When he left home those who had heard of the school predicted that he would return within a few days with a black eye and battered nose. The school

by no means had an inviting reputation. In fact, it was one that had been doing with the teachers as it desired. We are told that at one time some of the students would get up and go out into the yard and play "seven up" when they felt like it. We are also told that some had carried their axes with them, and that the teachers were made to understand that they must be quiet and obedient or bad results would likely follow.

He began his school at the appointed time, and a goodly number welcomed him on the first day. The school building was made of logs and daubed with mud, one story high, and was about seven feet from the ground to the edge of the roof. The roof was of boards split from trees, and did not by any means keep out all the snow and rain. The chimney, composed of rock, mud, and sticks, was in the end of the house, and what it lacked in height it made up in width. A stick of wood six or seven feet long was about right in length for the fire-place. The boys would pile on a number of logs, and soon the old shack would be quite comfortable. There were no desks, but logs split half in two, with four sticks driven into holes which had been bored through

them, were used for seats. Upon these backless slabs the children would sit and swing their little feet for six hours a day, and some did it without a murmur. He opened the school by reading from the Word of God, followed by a prayer. This was quite a new feature in school teaching in that section. Some of the patrons said, "It is right ; just the thing." Others said, "It is wrong ; out of place. We did not hire him to pray, but to teach." He said that he had come for the purpose of doing them good, and that he would not engage in a work upon which he could not ask the blessings of God. He did not believe in too many rules. He remembered that when he was a boy the teacher would on each Monday morning read a large number of rules, which had been pasted on the wall, the number being so large that when the last was read the first was forgotten. He believed in the saying : " That governs best which governs least." So he had but one rule : " Do no wrong thing ; if you do, I will execute the law."

It was not long, however, until some of the famous ones began to give signs of life. A young man and a young woman began a courtship. To this the teacher entered an

objection, not that he believed that courting was wrong *per se*, but that the school-room was an improper place for it. He therefore informed the young couple that he had not been examined in that branch, and hardly felt competent to teach it; but advised, if they were determined to take that study, that they take it at home. At this advice they became offended, and at once gave the teacher to understand that they did not intend that he should meddle with their love affairs; whereupon the teacher applied a flexible withe to the back of the young man, much to the indignation of the young woman, and the young man too, for that matter, for he at once seized a poker and seemed somewhat inclined to strike the teacher to the floor, but he didn't! This was the first act.

Soon it was rumored that the school was being pretty well organized for the purpose of "ousting" the teacher. They said that they had not been in the habit of being bossed, and they did not propose to let this little "town tacky" begin it. Two of the scholars heard of the plot to duck the teacher, and they let the secret out. It was found that one young man had had a knife made for the occasion, with a

blade nine inches long. The teacher heard of it in time. He got him a well-made bench leg, put it by his side, and called "books." When all were in their places he proceeded to read from God's Word and to pray, as he had done aforetime. He had found the boy who had the knife, and who was the ring-leader, and who was told by his father to fight the teacher if he undertook to correct him, and that he would be threshed when he came home if he refused to obey. After prayer the teacher stood before the school with his weapon of self-defence in his hand, and proceeded to relate what he had heard; and further said he knew they were able to kill him, and that they might do it, but that he had taken charge of the school to run it his way, and that he intended to do it or die. He said: "You may kill me, but some of you will get badly hurt, and I don't know which one it will be." They soon saw that he meant what he said, and they did not know which one might be hurt if they attempted to carry out their threats, so they decided to be governed rather than govern. The young man with the knife was told to get out and go home, which he did immediately, but said as he crossed the

threshold. "Don't you come to my house, either." A young woman was heard to say at this time, "It's a free school, and I bet you I'd not go." The teacher turned upon her with a switch of some length, and said: "Won't you? We will see, now. You go at once." Well—she went. Then, after threshing quite a number of the smaller fry, the remark, "First spelling class will recite," was heard, and things quieted down for a few hours.

The next day the report was out that a Mr. — and his son, who weighed about 175 pounds, would give the teacher a glorious threshing. Many threats were made, so he got his old friend, the bench leg, and kept it in the school-room near his side, and, when a stranger or visitor would knock, he, with bench leg in hand, would demand, "Who is there?" Sure enough, one Monday morning the young son came, and before the teacher reached the school-house he heard that the bully was ready for him. Yes, there he stood with axe in his hand, and, on seeing the teacher, told him his mission. "Books," cried the teacher. "Excuse me just a minute," he said, and, with his bench leg, he walked up to the young Goliath and

said : “ Do you see this bench leg ? I cut it for your benefit. I have heard of your threats, and you are now on my ground. I have rented this spot for five months. Now, you move, or I’ll skin this bench leg on your head.” He moved. Just at this time several of the patrons who were pleased with the discipline of the school, and, fearing that our young friend would be imposed upon, and who were determined to see fair play, crept out from their hiding and made themselves known. This was the last great conflict.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCHOOL IS VISITED BY A PREACHER—DECIDES TO PREACH—PREACHES HIS FIRST SERMON—BECOMES UNSETTLED IN HIS VIEWS—A GREAT REVIVAL—DEFEATED IN ARGUMENT AND TAUGHT THE WAY OF THE LORD MORE PERFECTLY—CHANGES HIS BASE—EVANGELISTIC EXPERIENCES.

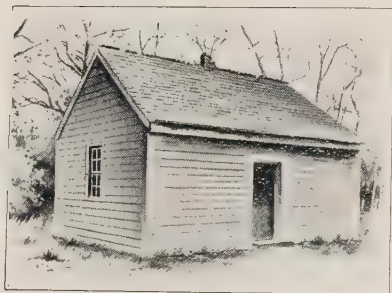
The school continued to prosper. Contention gave way to peace, and patron and pupil were bent on making it a successful session in every respect. During the Christmas holidays a man claiming to be a preacher, hailing from Nelson county, one J. R. Fitzgerald, a minister of the so-called "Campbellite" Church, came that way. He called at the school-house and requested the teacher to announce that he would preach there that night. "What Church do you represent?" inquired the teacher. "The Church of Christ," was the quick reply. "But don't we all represent that Church?" replied the teacher. "I don't know that that is true, but I do know that I represent it," was his answer. Here the teacher was again reminded of the fact that, if he were a member of the Church of Christ,

he was calling it in honor of John the Baptist, rather than Christ. The preacher preached, and he preached the Bible. His sermons were plain, simple, heart-searching, and interesting. At the close of the meeting he left for his home in Nelson county, Va. It was a cold day, and he was sick, and looked as if he would live but a few months. The teacher took his gloves from his own hands and gave them to the preacher, and, as he told him farewell, he could not help being impressed with his earnest, humble, self-denying life. For a long time William Henry had desired to be a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and had pondered this desire in his mind. It is true his nearest friends and relatives had not dreamed of his long-cherished desire. They thought, in all probability, that he might become a lawyer or give his life to teaching. He had read some law, and manifested much interest in it. Up to this time he had never tried to make a public speech. He was now about eighteen years old, and he felt, if he ever intended to become a public man, he was not too young to begin.

His first attempt at speech-making was one Sunday afternoon at Enterprise, where

he addressed a congregation upon a subject that had in it the elements of expansion. It would be hard to say what he didn't say on this occasion. Of course, he was excited when he stood before the audience, and found it not so hard to manage his words as it was to manage his hands and feet. It really appeared to him that he could have made a more telling and effective speech had he been devoid of both. We see him now as he stood before the audience, with one foot on the floor and the other on the upper step of the pulpit, at an angle of about forty degrees. He says he knew that his position was by no means an elegant one, but for his life he could not change it then. He was certain, judging from his own feeling, that the heaviest part of his speech was that foot on the upper step of the pulpit.

On the following Lord's day he delivered the speech at New Castle. His denomination had by this time licensed him to preach, and it was on the 12th of November, 1882, that he preached his first sermon in a small school-house at the cross-roads, four miles north of his home. His text was I. Cor. xiii., 13, and his audience was quite small. It was a rainy day ; the announcement had



WHERE HE PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON.

not been well published, and but few people were present. His friends in New Castle were greatly surprised when they heard that he had preached, and said if they had known it they would have gone. He told them that he would satisfy them on the following Lord's day, for he intended to preach in his home church. A large audience assembled to hear him, and he preached, his text being found in the 13th verse of the 13th chapter of First Corinthians.

The reader will remember that he had no regular charge, but was preaching in connection with his school work. In company with the young man who came to the school-room to thresh him, he went on his first preaching tour. He visited a Methodist community, and preached three sermons to large and appreciative audiences. It was on this tour that he became somewhat unsettled in his views. While preaching, he saw the profound interest manifested. A thought presented itself: "Suppose a sinner comes forward to confess Christ, and asks to be baptized, what can I do?" "My Church has given me permission to preach, but not to baptize." The Baptist denomination, as you know, puts great emphasis upon the doctrine of apostolic succession,

and the hands of succession had not been placed upon this young preacher's head. He said : " If I am good enough to preach, why am I not good enough to baptize ? " And then his Church did not consider baptism essential to salvation. Baptism with them was not in order to, but because of, the remission of sins. When Peter said, " Repent and be baptized, for the remission of sins," he only meant to be baptized, because their sins had already been forgiven. Then, if baptism was because of, it logically follows that repentance must be because of, too. Paul says, " Godly sorrow works out repentance," and he could not see why a man would be filled with sorrow, to such an extent that he would repent, all because God for Christ's sake had forgiven his sins. And again, if *for* meant because of, did Christ mean to say that He shed His blood *for*, because men's sins were forgiven ? And if baptism were not *for*, or in order to, the remission of sins, what was it for ? His Church said : It was the door into the Church. He had nowhere in God's Book found any testimony to that effect : but, to the contrary, Christ claims Himself to be the door. (1)

(1) John x., 9.

Then the Church taught that baptism was essential to church membership—in fact, a man could not be admitted into the fellowship of the Church without baptism. He was even denied a place at the Lord's table if he had not been baptized by one who had had the hands of apostolic succession placed upon him. In view of these facts, it cannot be denied that it takes more to get into the Baptist Church than it does to get into heaven.

“Saved, yes; good enough to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven without baptism; but not good enough to sit down at the Lord's table in my Church without it! Rather inconsistent, to say the least,” thought the young Baptist preacher. He also remembered that no one in the apostolic age was ever received into *the church* of Jesus Christ with a promise of sins forgiven who had not been baptized. It was here the conversions as recorded in Acts came up before him. First, the Penecostian Jews were told, in answer to their questions, “Repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins.” (1) and they that gladly received his word were baptized.

(1) Acts ii., 37, 38, 41.

We are told that when the Samaritans “believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women.” (1) (Babies are not mentioned.) And we are told that Philip and the eunuch came unto a certain water, and the eunuch said, “See, here is water ; what doth hinder me to be baptized ?” (2) Did Philip say : “We will have your experience ?” “Have your sins, for Christ’s sake, been forgiven ?” “Tell us a dream or relate a vision.” “We will take a vote of the church.” No ; he said none of these things, and therefore was evidently not a member of the Baptist denomination. What did he say ? “If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest” ; and the eunuch said, “I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God” ; and he baptized him. (3) Saul was told to arise and be baptized and wash away his sins, calling on the name of the Lord. (4) Cornelius was “a devout man, one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God

(1) Acts viii., 12.

(2) Acts viii., 36.

(3) Acts viii., 37, 38.

(4) Acts xxii., 16.

always," but was not saved at that time. He had to hear words to know what he ought to do. (1) These words embraced the command to be baptized in the name of the Lord. (2) Lydia attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul, and was baptized. (3) Of so much importance did Paul consider baptism, that Luke says: "And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. (4) Of the Corinthians we are told that many of them hearing believed, and were baptized. (5) The Ephesians, who knew nothing but John's baptism, after hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ, were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. (6) Paul, speaking to the Romans, says: "But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." (7) What was this form or mould of doctrine? "There-

(1) Acts x., 6, 11, 14.

(2) Acts x., 48.

(3) Acts xvi., 14, 15.

(4) Acts xvi., 33.

(5) Acts xviii., 8.

(6) Acts xix., 5.

(7) Romans vi., 17, 18

fore we are buried with him by baptism into death : that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." (1) Of the Galatians Paul says : " For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." (2) All of us believe that salvation is in Christ ; but we are told that it is through baptism we get into Him. Christ says in His commission, " He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." (3) Notice " He " is at one end of the promise and " saved " at the other (He—— saved). Faith and baptism are in the middle. Now, if you can get from " He " to " saved " without going through faith and baptism, go ahead. I prefer to go through.

Peter tells us that baptism saves. (4) We are told by Luke that " all the people that heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him." (5) If John's baptism

(1) Romans vi., 4.

(2) Galatians iii., 27.

(3) Mark xvi., 15, 16.

(4) I. Peter iii., 20, 21.

(5) Luke vii., 29, 30.

was of so much importance, what about Christ's baptism? Jesus Himself said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (1)

These Scriptures were all the time coming up in the mind of this young Baptist preacher; and he was forced to the conclusion that, if the position as taught by the New Testament were correct, then he was advocating that which was opposed to New Testament Christianity. Naturally, he became somewhat shaky as to the truth of the doctrines of his Church.

At the close of the school an evangelist of the Church of Christ, vulgarly called "Campbellite," by the name of J. A. Spencer, who was employed by the Alleghany District, began a meeting in the log school-house. The people came from the valleys and from the ridges. The house was packed; all could not be seated. The young evangelist had a strong, mellow voice, and his sermons were full of pathos, abounding in illustrations and Scripture, and were much enjoyed by those who heard them.

While William Henry was a member of the Baptist denomination, one of the

(1) John iii., 5.

wealthiest and most influential in the State, and whose doctrines were in many respects quite different to those preached by Mr. Spencer, he was not so prejudiced but that he could listen and lend his influence toward saving the patrons and students of the school. The meeting closed with nearly every patron, and all of the students who were old enough, in the Church.

The teacher had received a unanimous invitation to return in the fall, and take the school for the next term. He accepted the invitation, and returned the following autumn. This year he boarded with the man who had decided to whip him the previous year, and found him and his family warm friends. The second year of the school was indeed an improvement over the first. The young man who began the first session with a courtship, and who, because the teacher corrected him, drew a poker on him, had developed into a good talker and a splendid church worker. He afterwards became a minister in the Christian Church.

For the two years' preaching and pastoral work in this section William Henry received in all a 25-cent pair of yarn socks. He continued to read his Bible, and the more he

read the more he became convinced of the weakness of his position. While visiting at his home in New Castle he met an uncle, a man well-informed in the Scriptures, and a member of the Church of Christ. Both being naturally fond of discussion, they were soon found in a heated debate over the doctrines of the Churches. The preacher held that the Church was organized by John the Baptist; that repentance came before faith; that baptism was not essential to salvation, and that only those of like faith and practice should go to the Lord's table. His uncle opposed all of these doctrines, and affirmed that human names were sinful; that 'the Church was founded by Christ on the first Pentecost after His resurrection, and should be called 'Christ's Church,' and that the members should be called 'Christians' '(1); faith comes before repentance—that it would be a sin to repent without faith (2); faith comes by hearing, and not by prayer (3); baptism, like faith and repentance, is essential (4); and that

(1) Isa. ii., 1-4; Micah iv., 1-4; Joel ii., 28-32; Luke xxiv., 46-49; Acts i., 1-4, 42-47; Isa. lxii., 2; Acts xi., 26.

(2) Heb. xi., 6.

(3) Romans x., 11-17.

(4) John iii., 5; Mark xvi., 15, 16; Acts ii., 37, 38; Acts xxii., 16.

all Christians have a right to the Lord's table. (1) It was clearly shown that the breaking of bread is only a part of communion, and that to be strictly close communionists the Baptists must contribute of their means, pray, and sing to the exclusion of all others. (2) The arguments were too strong for the preacher, so he got his works of theology and turned them loose on his opponent. But truth is stronger than fiction, and he was not long in deciding that his uncle had the truth and he had the fiction.

Then began the greatest struggle of his life. He continued to read the Bible, with the view of finding out all he could about the old Jerusalem Church of Jesus Christ. Was baptism a command of Jesus Christ, and for the remission of sins, or was it a Church ordinance? His Church said that sinners were justified by faith; but the Bible said that faith without works is dead. (3) He was satisfied that baptism was as much a command as are faith and repentance, and just as essential. How God could deal in non-essentials was too

(1) I. Cor. xi., 28-32.

(2) Acts ii., 42

(3) James ii., 20.

much for him. There was just one verse, however, that he could not get around when he decided that baptism was a command of the Lord Jesus, and must be obeyed in order to the promise of salvation. This was found in the Acts of the Apostles, and is as follows: "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." (1) Was there any baptism in this promise? Was it not conditional upon faith only? But, after reasoning a little, he saw that it was to be through His name. Then the question arose, How do we get into His name? A close search of Scripture revealed that it was through baptism. (2)

The time had come for his Association to convene. It was to be held in Botetourt county, about twenty-five miles from his home. He was poor, and the only way for him to get there was by private conveyance, so he at once employed two good feet and started to attend the official gathering of his Church. He heard some fine addresses and sermons by noted men, but no one had scattered the fog that had gathered around our friend's theological brain. The Associa-

(1) Acts x., 43.

(2) Matthew xxviii., 19, 20; Acts x, 47, 48.

tion decided to educate him, and an offering was then taken for this work. They determined to send him first to a graded school, and then give him a full course in Richmond College.

The Association adjourned, and he turned his face in the direction of home. What should he do? was the burning question that had to be answered. He was convinced of being in a Church that did not stand by the teachings of the apostles; but, if he were to change, what would the people think and say? And then he was poor, and the so-called "Campbellites" were poor too, and more, did not stand well as a Church in his community. His denomination was one of the wealthiest in the State; they were ready to educate him, and, when educated, would give him a church that would pay a good salary. To go to the "Campbellites" meant no education, and but little support. Often, while walking along, he would make this prayer: "Lord, make me satisfied where I am. Lord, make me a Baptist." Then he thought, "Why not go on and get the education, and preach just what I believe?" But that did not look like honesty to him. There was just one honorable thing for him to do—change his base; and this he did. One

Lord's day, when C. S. Lucas preached in the Christian Church at New Castle, he stepped out from the Baptists, determined to be a Christian *only*, and to give his life to preaching New Testament Christianity, and not the doctrines of men. (In another chapter we desire to state something concerning C. S. Lucas and his work.) When William Henry made this change it created no little stir among his acquaintances; but he felt that he had done the right thing, and rejoiced in the liberty of the Gospel. He could appreciate that Scripture which says: "If the truth makes you free, ye are free indeed." Now he could not only preach, but he could baptize those who confessed faith in Christ. The first candidate baptized by him was near Paxton's chapel, in a small branch that had been dammed for the occasion. It was a cold, disagreeable day. He borrowed a pair of pantaloons, "blue jeans," about four sizes too large, and a large coat, which constituted his baptizing suit. He continued to work and to preach, and said he had decided to preach the Gospel as long as he lived, if he went to the poor-house. He determined, however, if he went to the poor-house, to organize the paupers into a congregation,

which should constitute his charge. He found it impossible, for some time, to receive a support by preaching. Between times he would work on a farm at small wages, until he had earned money enough to get a cheap pair of shoes and a cheap suit of clothes ; then he would pack his old black paper valise, and away he would go, afoot, and into the mountain hollows, and from log school-houses his voice would be heard. He would go into places destitute of the Gospel, where preachers were scarce, and there practice in his calling.

He made a visit to Pott's Creek, Craig county, Va., and preached two sermons. This was a Methodist stronghold, and the doctrine preached by him was considered by the people strange. Soon after he reached the place he enquired if there were a good place to baptize. One who heard him said : " You had better get some one to baptize before you find the place." " That is what I came for," said the preacher. He baptized two persons before he left.

He went from here into a mountain section of the State, and began a meeting. The young man who threatened to strike him with a poker when in school was with him now in the Lord's



WILLIAM HENRY WHEN HE BEGAN TO PREACH.

work, and rendered much assistance. When he reached the place where he hoped to start a meeting he found that a great revival was closing. Many had "gotten through," "professed religion," "got religion," been "baptized with the Holy Ghost," and had been called to preach. (?) On Sunday, at 11 A. M., the preacher who was in charge of the revival preached his last sermon of the meeting. Among other things, he said there were three ways to baptize, scored the "Campbellites," dismissed, and left the community. When the preacher of the Church of Christ arrived at the house of worship that night he heard a great noise within. There was a heated discussion in progress. Much excitement prevailed. Some claimed to have been baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, while others said they were mistaken, for that promise was not made to the people of this age. Just as the preacher crossed the threshold some one met him with, "Do you say I have not been baptized with the Holy Ghost?" "I have never said anything about it," was the reply. "Then say! Say!! Say!!!" cried the excited class leader. "Wait till I get into the pulpit," was the preacher's reply; and

into the pulpit he went, all eyes being fastened upon him, and silence once more reigned. He opened the Bible and read from Acts ii., and said : " The baptism of the Holy Spirit was miraculous, and was given for the purpose of qualifying the apostles to preach, and when they had received it they spake in languages they had never learned, and were enabled to work miracles in confirmation of what they taught. Now you cannot heal a sore on my finger, and, if you got it, it was a very light attack." " That will do for me to listen to, but it will not do for me to believe," replied the class leader. Just at this point some one shouted : " You do not believe the Bible, then " ; when another remarked, " That's a dangerous doctrine." " Yes, to bind the devil and all his agents, and you had better look out," replied the preacher.

It is true that some of these persons could speak a language that neither they nor any one else had learned. The class leader said there was some Scripture not " filled full," and he supposed our young friend was preaching from that part of it. We heard of a man who in a prayer-meeting in that community prayed a prayer after this order : " Unholy and unwise God, unmerciful God,

rebuck (rebuke) some poor sinner here to-night, and fill his heart with glory and purify his blood."

Night after night he was called upon to meet in debate some of those who said they were full of the Holy Ghost and did not endorse the sermons. At last patience ceased to be a virtue, and he said: "I have not the time to waste with you. You don't know who is the father of Abraham's children; but if you can find a preacher who is able to represent you, bring him in, and I will divide time with him."

The audiences were large, and many people were reading their Bibles, and things were getting warm. One night a young bully decided to have his say, and began to amuse the people in his own inimitable style. But the preacher did not intend to be run out. He left his pulpit, went to the young man, and told him to leave the building. He very reluctantly obeyed orders, and at the same time drew a knife, with which he made some startling demonstrations. Things became so personally interesting that the preacher found it necessary to have a body-guard. The opposing faction found a

preacher and brought him to the field of battle. He was an old man, a man of wide experience, having been a member of several denominations. The evangelist preached this night from Eph. iv., 5, and at the close of his sermon invited criticisms ; whereupon this Goliath arose and said, "You have made a mistake." "I am young, inexperienced, and liable to make mistakes," replied the evangelist ; "and, if you will just show this audience where the mistake is, you are my brother." "You said, 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,' and that is not in the Bible." "I thought it was," said the evangelist, "but maybe I have a 'Campbellite' Bible. Will you please to borrow that good Methodist brother's Bible, and turn to John iii., 5, and read it to this audience?" "I will not do it," was the reply. "Then I will," said the evangelist, and he proceeded to read ; but the preacher interrupted him by saying, "The Bible is wrong [he meant the translation], and you will be held responsible for preaching out of it." "What Bible do you preach from?" asked the evangelist, and the answer revealed the fact that it was the one on the pulpit from which he had gotten

his information. "Now, if I am to be held responsible, what about you, since we preach from the same book?" Just at this point voices cried out: "That Bible is good enough for me, and if the truth tears us down let us fall." "Stick up to him! stick up to him, good brother!!"

The preacher said that *for*, in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and the thirty-eighth verse, did not mean "in order to," but "because of." The evangelist replied that *for* had more than one meaning, and proceeded to give an illustration after this order: "I give you my book *for* yours—that is, in the place of. I give you fifty cents *for* a day's work—that is, because of. I go to the man's house *for* my supper—not because I have gotten it, but in order to get it. The expression in Acts ii., 38, means 'in order to,' and the same thing for which they were baptized they repented."

Just then the evangelist addressed one supposed to be entering the house: "Good evening, sir. What's your name?" "Peter." "Peter who?" "The Apostle Peter, from Capernaum. I am an inspired apostle, and have the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, and preached the first gospel sermon."

“Then you can tell us whether baptism saves. This brother says it does not. Neither of us know. We are not inspired.” “Yes, being an inspired apostle, I can tell you.” “Then tell us.” “There was an ark prepared wherein few—that is, eight souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us.” * * * (1) “Us! What do you mean by us?” “All Christians.” “Then that lets in the brother, too. Now, my brother, you and Peter fix this; I have not the time.”

“Can a man be saved out of Christ?” “No,” was the reply. “Then how do you get into him?” “My opinion—” “We don’t want your opinion; a ‘thus saith the Lord’ is what we want.”

Again the evangelist addressed one who seemed to be a stranger: “What’s your name?” “Paul.” “Paul who?” “The Apostle—an inspired one.” “Can you tell us how to get into Christ? The brother says we cannot be saved unless we get into Him.” “Yes, ‘as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.’” (2) “Well, Paul,

(1) I. Pet. iii., 20, 21.

(2) Gal. iii., 27.

how were you baptized? Some say you were baptized in a house, standing up." "Therefore we were *buried* with him by baptism." (1) "Thanks. Then they laid you down, for we always lay them down when we bury them."

The preacher said he was done. The evangelist told him that if he would confess to that audience that he had preached the truth, then he would be done. "If the Bible is true, you have." "That Bible is good enough for me. Stick up to him, brother; stick up to him. If the truth tears us down, let us fall," came from many voices. "Just like I was for twenty-five years—in ignorance and didn't know any better—that's what's the matter," was the expression of an old sister. When the meeting closed several persons ran to the evangelist to congratulate him, and one very homely brother threw his arms around his neck, and said, "I must kiss you for that," and proceeded to make the application.

The next night he had to close the window-blinds and the door of the church, fearing some one would hurl a rock through, which might result in closing the Book.

(1) Rom. vi., 4.

His body-guard came to him, and told him that some of his enemies had decided to duck him, and at the same time told him how he might make his escape. He told the brother to go back and tell them that he would be at the ducking, and that they would have a good time.

One morning he called at the home of a man about seventy-five years of age—a red-hot Methodist, one who claimed to be full of the Holy Ghost, but who had told his wife, who desired to be baptized, that he would whip her clothes off of her if she were. The old man ordered the preacher away from his house: refused to allow him to pray, and, waving a long stick over his head, said he wanted no impostor in his house.

He received word that he could not preach on Sunday, but he determined that he would. Sunday came, and an immense crowd of people gathered about the old log church. The persons who said he should not preach were there, and, it is said, were armed. The evangelist went into the pulpit, and said: "Where am I? Am I in a civilized land? You may kill me, but I am going to preach or die, and if God is on my side then I don't care

who is against me, and I am not afraid of all —— and forty devils thrown in. I appeal to the magistrate for protection, and, if he cannot protect me, I shall protect myself. There is a jail just twelve miles from this place, and I shall arrest the first man that misbehaves, and shall make him pay the penalty.” He has never preached to a more attentive audience. After the sermon the ice was cut and several persons were baptized, and he went on his way rejoicing.

His next appointment was at Paint Bank, a place where the doctrine of the Disciples was but little understood. Before leaving his last meeting he invited the people to go up and witness a baptism at this place. There had as yet been no preaching and no confessions, but he said they were to have a “big” baptizing on Sunday. Sure enough, after the people heard the Word they believed and were baptized, and a church was organized at Paint Bank with a membership of thirty.

He preached for this church during the winter, and taught a school at Looney’s, two miles south. He also preached for the church at Waitville, in West Virginia. He taught a school the following summer in his native town, the enrollment

being seventy-four. A great deal of his early preaching was done in the Alleghany District. He also made a tour through the New River and Bluestone Districts while laboring as evangelist. The following preachers were associated with him in the early part of his ministry : J. R. Fitzgerald, P. B. Baber, J. D. Hamaker, F. F. Bullard, J. A. Spencer, William Huffman, and B. A. Abbott.

While preaching in Craig county some interesting things transpired. When with J. R. Fitzgerald in a meeting at Sinking Creek, he was confined to his room with an attack of roseola. When he awoke one morning he looked very much like he had contracted small-pox. Brother Fitz. is a very nervous man, easily excited, and was very much worried over the condition of his associate. He would come quite often to know how he was getting on, with such questions as, "How are you now? How do you feel? Are you any better? Don't you want something to eat?" He continued to bring him ham, fried and boiled, chicken, bread, and everything he could find, and with much earnestness he tried to persuade the patient to eat, but he would not. Then he got a little fretted, and



PLACE OF THE FIRST MEETING.

said he would not take the food back. He is a bashful man, and he decided, rather than take it back, he would eat it himself ; so he began to devour, and for some time employed his teeth in masticating meats and bread. The sick man insisted that it was nothing more than just that he should report who had eaten the food when he went to the landlady ; but this he declined to do. Brother Fitzgerald was at that time quite fond of his old wheezy pipe, so much so that he would take it to bed with him, and there on his back would puff and smoke until late into the night. This was a great annoyance to the sick man. He expected some morning to get up and find himself burned into ashes. We are glad to say that Bro. F. has given up his pipe and yet lives.

One bright Sunday morning, as the evangelist was *en route* to the church to fill his appointment, he was met one and one half miles from the church by four men. Three of them wheeled off to his right and the other to his left. The one to the left demanded of the evangelist that he explain why he had insulted him. He was told that it was because he had misbehaved in one of his meetings, and had failed to act the gentleman. With an oath he called the preacher

a liar. "Let me see your eye," said the preacher. "A man who can curse like you can I want to look him in the eye." The young bully opened his eyes wide, came closer to the preacher's horse, and said: "Had I been in a strange community you would have slandered me." "You slandered yourself," said the preacher. "Why did you not behave yourself?" The young man decided to thresh him then and there, but the preacher said he did not care to engage in a work of that kind: that long ago he had quit the business, and did not care to begin it again. But this would not suffice; he must have a good, genteel threshing at this very hour and within a short distance of the church, and Sunday morning was a good time to do it, too. When the preacher saw nothing else would do, he told the Lord to take charge of the three on his right, and that he would attend to the young man on his left: but, before beginning, he said to him, "I do not want to do this, but I can, and I am going to do my best, and you will find you have undertaken the hardest job of your life." and, with this introduction, he began to get off of his horse. This was more than the young man had expected, so

he decided to postpone the work until a more convenient season, and the preacher moved on in the direction of the church, where a good congregation awaited him. He says he decided to thresh the young man in the name of the Lord, and had determined to make him promise to come to church before he let him go.

He received for his first year's work as a preacher three dollars in cash and about one bushel of yarn socks, more or less. One good brother, a well-to-do farmer, promised at each visit that he would do something for the preacher, but somehow it was hard for him to get into the present tense. At last the time came for the preacher to give up the work and go into another field. The good brother who had come to him with sympathy and a promise to help so often now realized his hour had come, and, in solemn words, he took the young brother by the hand and said, "I have wanted to help you, and now I give you this." How much do you suppose it was? Before you guess, remember that we told you that he was a well-to-do farmer, and one who had desired to help him for a long time. Well, I will tell you. It was twenty-five cents!

William Henry is very absent-minded, and often makes some egregious blunders. Once he was spending the night with a good Methodist brother—a very poor man, but kind. He had a large family and but little room. When the time came to retire he escorted his visitor to his room. Two large boys were in the bed. “Do I sleep with these two boys?” asked William Henry. “What! Have they two in there?” replied the old man. The preacher meant to say that made no difference, but said, “That is a plenty.”

Once, in his native town, a run-away couple was married in the parlor of one of the hotels, and a great crowd gathered to witness the marriage. It was an unusual occurrence in that section. In fact, there were very few marriages even when they stood still, and a run-away marriage was one that called forth a great deal of interest and comment. After all had gotten through with their congratulations, he went forward and took the stranger by the hand, with “Let me—ah—ah—ah—” but he had lost the word. He continued to hold on to the stranger’s hand, afraid to let go without an explanation: but there was not a word in the English language at his

command. What was he to do? The young wife was growing pale, and so was the young preacher. "Let me—ah—ah—salute you, sir," he said, and then, without any one telling him, he left the room.

Once he held a meeting in a town in West Virginia, and was elegantly entertained by a lady who was a Disciple. When he left he desired to express his appreciation, and said to the Christian woman, "I thank you for the kindness shown." "I have done nothing worthy of appreciation," said the woman. "Much more than I had expected," remarked the young preacher.

He began a work in a town in Southwest Virginia. It was hard to get an audience. The people were bitter against the Disciples. It seemed that at every service they would get up something to keep the people from hearing the Word. One afternoon the preacher arrived at the town. An appointment had been made for preaching. He found, on reaching the house of worship, that a good audience had assembled. He walked up the aisle, his mind absorbed in his subject. Just as he reached the centre of the church a young lady arose, for the purpose of whispering something to him concerning the work. The first thought

that occurred to him was that he had met a relative, and, without a word of warning, he saluted her with a holy kiss. Of course she became very much confused, and not until then, when she cried "Oh!" had it occurred to him what he had done. "I did not go to do it; upon my honor I didn't," said he. How do you suppose he preached that night?

On another occasion he was preaching in the Baptist church in that town. A large audience was present, and he thought then was the time to make an impression with the plea. When he had gotten well into his sermon, and the people seemed interested, a little dog, about eighteen inches long, with a crooked tail, the pet of one of the elders, walked up the aisle and began to whine. Just then a great big dog came forward and a dog-fight began. The preacher stopped, and said with much emphasis, "Take your dogs out." Elder Hite at once obeyed orders, and, with his hand on the back of his dog's neck, he showed him a hole in the church that had been left there by the carpenters. "Take the other one out," said the preacher; and as the elder approached him he decided to advance backward, while the dog retreated

forward. The canine turned his hair the wrong way, showed his teeth, and, in his own language, said, "Hands off!" Just then the elder turned to the preacher, and, in a clear, full voice, said: "Let every fellow take his own dog out." This, of course, destroyed the impression of the plea for this occasion.

It may not be believed, but it is true nevertheless, that there was a period in William Henry's life when he was bashful, especially in the presence of young women, and it was during this period, in one of the villages of Virginia, that he visited a photograph gallery where a number of the gentler sex had come. He noticed that they were having quite a good deal of fun at his expense, and he felt that he must say something in self-defence. He gathered all the courage he could, and marched into their presence with this proposition: "Young ladies, you will please to excuse me; I am a book agent, and desire to show you a book." "Certainly," replied one of their number; "what is the name of your book?" "I have the prospectus with me, and will show it to you—

“ It is a traveling book, which tells of different ages,
And a very costly book, from eight to sixteen
pages ;

It is a book of poetry, also a little prose,
And a very handsome book, as every lady knows ;
And after reading a page or two you will want to
read the rest,

For you will find this book, the traveling book, one
among the best.

“ It is a book that is adapted only to the female sex, and gives recipes for courting, flirting, marrying, and giving in marriage, and, in fact, every woman ought to have it.” “ I’d like to have it,” replied the lady ; “ where is it ? ” “ But wait until I get through telling you about it. Unlike a novel, that you can finish in one day, and then put on a shelf for the rats to gnaw the pages away, this book adds a new page every day, and it will take a life-time to understand it. If you do not want to use it as a book, you can use it as an ornament, or a milk jar, coffee-pot, or a cupboard, for it is the best thing in which to store away victuals I have ever seen. In fact, it is a very convenient book, and, being anxious to make some lady a present, I believe it would just suit you, and therefore I will make you a present.” “ Thank you, thank you. But where is the book ? ” He replied, pointing

to himself, "I am the book ; take it." The young woman blushed, threw up her hands, and exclaimed : "I don't want it! I don't want it!! I don't want it!!!"

CHAPTER V.

EVANGELISTIC EXPERIENCES—COLLEGE LIFE—
C. S. LUCAS AND HIS WORK—BECOMES A
PASTOR—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

There came a time in William Henry's life when promotion was offered. He had done most of his evangelistic work afoot, but the time had come for better things. A Disciple in one of the churches of Craig county had had his chord of sympathy touched, and proposed to the evangelist that he take one of his young horses, saddle and bridle thrown in, and with no other cost than good treatment. He had had but little experience with horses, and did not pride himself on being an expert rider—in fact, he was more comfortable off of the horse than on. He, somehow or other, had an uneasy feeling all of the time. He did not know just how soon that young horse might take a notion to dispose of its rider. He was determined to stand by his part of the contract, and to see that the horse was well fed. He had heard some one say, "The best way to have a thing done is to do it yourself," and he put this saying into practice by feeding his own horse. It was not long

before the nag was fat and frisky—so much so that, when he came to the place where he had turned in for the night for corn and oats, he seemed inclined to repeat it. Rather than act contrary, or show any disposition to be contentious, the preacher would get off and lead the horse by the place. After two months' experience with the animal, he returned it, with the request that the owner give him one not so fat and lively.

After preaching long enough one summer to wear out his pantaloons, he found it necessary, while holding a meeting with one of the Sinking Creek churches, to make known his wants. He did not like to ask for money for his preaching, but the time had come when something had to be done. At the close of a sermon he told the congregation he *must* have a pair of breeches or go home. A collection was made, and we believe as much as \$1.75 was raised. The next day he gathered hay for one of the church officers for a part of the day, and, with the amount paid by this brother for work and the collection, he soon had in his possession a pair of *cotton* pantaloons. The meeting closed, and he turned his face toward West Virginia.

He stopped at Pembroke, Va., to see an

old school-mate, who was teaching in that community and preaching for the church. When he rode up to the house where his friend was boarding the landlord and landlady were not very cordial. An appointment had been made for him to preach at night, but the brother and sister, we believe, preferred to stay at home. They were pillars in that church, and did not care to be humiliated by the visitor who was so commonly dressed. It will not be out of place here to say that this man and his wife are now two of his warmest friends, and the young preacher in charge is now a pastor in one of our most influential city churches.

Once when holding a meeting in East Tennessee, when the invitation was given a middle-aged man came forward. The preacher proceeded to take his confession, but found that the penitent had once been a member of the Church, and returned as a back-slider. He was asked of what Church he was a member, and at once replied, "the Mud-Head." William Henry had never heard of this denomination; but, after a few interrogations, he found that he meant the Church of Christ, which was vulgarly called in that community the "Mud-Head."

Once, he was baptizing in a creek in Montgomery county, Va. After the baptism he returned to his room to change clothes. As he entered the yard, barefooted, the dogs made for him. He had read in the Bible somewhere a statement like this, "Beware of dogs," and he tried to do this literally, but this time he was taken unawares. Being barefooted, he could not kick, and to run he was afraid; so he proceeded to let what he had in his hand fly at the canine family. First went his shoes sailing through the air, then his song-book, then his Bible; but the dogs would not retreat. The time had come for the final shot, and now he hurled the Methodist Discipline at the advancing enemies. The shot proved effective, and the dogs retreated.

He had much experience in the matrimonial line. One Sunday morning a young man knocked at his door. The rain was coming down in torrents. He opened the door and invited the stranger in, but he declined, and said: "Can you do a job for me?" "What is it?" inquired the preacher. "I want to get married," was the young man's reply. "To whom?" And he quickly replied, "A gal." "But what is her

name?" Just here the young man handed the license to him, with the remark: "You can look on that piece of paper, and that will tell you what her name is." As soon as the shower was over he went with the anxious youth to the home of his intended. As they were *en route* to the home the young man pulled from his pocket fifty cents in change, and said: "That's all I have; but, if you will wait until pay-day, I will give you as many dollars as you want." Soon the house was reached, and the couple stood upon the floor. "Join your right hands," said the preacher, and he at once proceeded to make them one. Just at the time when they were to have said "I will" they broke their hold and ran, the one after the other; but the preacher pronounced them husband and wife on the fly. Pay-day has never come.

At another time a couple drove up to his door in a livery turn-out. "This time," said the preacher, "I will get a good fee," but he has never as yet received a red cent, not even "Thank you." The first time he received as much as ten dollars for performing the ceremony he was so much excited that he forgot the bride's name. The most he has ever received at any one time was

eleven dollars, ten of which came from the groom, and one was given by one of the attendants, who must have thought he had to be responsible for the expense, in part at least.

On another occasion a man came to know if he could engage his services. He said he desired to get married, and wanted to employ him to say the words. The preacher told him he would be glad to do it. "But how much are you going to charge me?" enquired the young man. He told him he would leave that with him, and he could give him just what he desired. "But I desire to pay you just what it is worth, and I want you to say," was his answer. Then the preacher said: "The law allows one dollar." "But couldn't you do it a little cheaper than that?" asked the young man.

A man of about twenty summers came to his home one day, leading a gray horse, and said he wanted the preacher to go with him six miles out into the country and unite him in marriage. He went, but found the woman he had decided to take as his wife was divorced. He refused to marry them, and, with an empty pocket, an empty stomach, and much experience, he had to walk home.

Once he was called to see an old man, nearly eighty years old, who was dangerously ill and desired to be baptized. He said to the wife, standing by: "Don't you think that you, too, had better be baptized while you are well and strong?" She said, "No; the Scriptures say we are both one, and if he gets baptized that will do for both of us." She refused to see her husband baptized, and, when the preacher asked if she could furnish him a change of clothes, she gave him a pair of tow breeches and a tow shirt—nothing more. The poor old man, in company with the preacher, made his way to the creek, to a place he had selected, and there, like the eunuch, he was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing.

On another occasion he was traveling through a section of West Virginia where he had held a meeting, and was stopped on the road by some one, who said that a lady desired to be baptized. He got off of his horse and proceeded to the water, and there baptized her. She lived a consistent life, and some years ago went to her reward.

One cold, frosty morning a young Scotchman called at his door, and said that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and wanted to be baptized. He was a stranger in that sec-

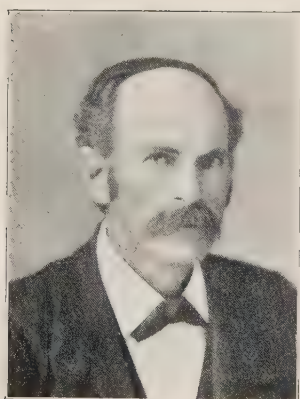
tion of the country, but had come there in search of a Baptist. He, too, was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing.

As has already been stated, William Henry was poor, and unable to pay his way through college; but the Alleghany and New River District Boards promised to furnish him money for this purpose. He accepted their propositions, and, in company with a young man from his county, left for Milligan College, in Tennessee. This is one of the best institutions of the Disciples in the South. It is the only institution south of the Potomac and east of the Cumberland and Alleghany mountains offering complete collegiate courses to our young people. In this college the expenses range from \$90 to \$126 per year in the literary and scientific departments. It offers a great variety of courses. The Bible Department is one of the most valuable features. Some of the unique features of Milligan College are: Its large free library, open for the use of all students; its splendid literary societies, five in number. Its excellent moral influences are well known to all who know anything of the college and its history. It has a happy location, just on the outskirts of the city, near enough to have the advantages of the

city, but enough removed from it to be free from its dangers and vices. The former students and graduates of this college are now in positions of honor and highest usefulness in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Charlottesville, and on the Pacific slope: in legislative halls, and in every field of honorable activity throughout the United States. Its president, Josephus Hopwood, is a born leader of men, consecrated, a deep thinker, and his influence over students is simply powerful.

When William Henry reached the college he had about thirty dollars in his possession. He paid his tuition and secured a boarding-house. Soon he and his chum were seen unpacking their trunks and getting ready for business. William Henry had no taste for early rising, so he proposed to his room-mate he would carry in the wood and water if he would get up and make the fires; but his friend had a prejudice against getting up early, and, as William Henry had a class that recited before the regular morning class, he had to be up soon after daylight, and consequently was found carrying in wood and water and making fires too.

He had been in college but a few days when he went to the president to know if there



J. HOPWOOD.

were not some places he could preach, and said: "I am obliged to preach, and cannot stay unless I do." The president told him to go to the school-houses, and turn himself loose. He soon found a church three miles from the college, by the name of Oak Grove chapel. It was in this chapel that he preached his first sermon in Tennessee. A large audience was present, and at the close of his sermon the leading members came to him and wanted to know if they could hire him to preach two Lord's days in each month during the school period. He remembered that the educational boards had failed to do as they had promised. His money was out, and the returns were coming in slowly, and he thought this was indeed a piece of luck. He also remembered that his room-mate was poor and greatly in need of money. He declined the invitation to preach for them two Lord's days in the month, but said he would preach one Lord's day, and that they must take his room-mate, who was as poor as any preacher, and who could preach as good as he, for the other Lord's day. This they agreed to do. When he got home that evening he told his chum what he had done; but the young man remarked that he doubted if William Henry

had charge of his affairs and had a right to let him out to contract without his knowledge. But he was told that the engagement had been made and that he must obey orders. He agreed to do it, and once each month the two students preached at this point. For their services they received, from a financial standpoint, about enough to pay for their stamps, paper, and envelopes. They held one protracted meeting, which resulted in a number of additions. William Henry also held meetings at Patton's chapel, Taylor's school-house, Limestone, Roane Mountain, Beech Grove, and preached once that year at the college and twice at Johnson City. This was from October, 1886, to April, 1887. In addition to his college work, he had preached forty-seven times, traveled many miles, and about eighty-seven had been added to the Church.

At Beech Grove he had a short debate with a Methodist preacher on baptism. The preacher charged him with being a "Campbellite," which he denied. "Then, what is your creed?" asked the preacher. "Jesus Christ, and the Bible is my Discipline," replied William Henry. "But don't you have 'Campbell on Baptism'?" "Yes; we have an almanac to tell when Sunday

comes, too, but that is not our creed.” “Don’t you teach that baptism means to plant, and that plant means to cover up all over?” “We do.” “But that is not true. I planted an apple tree, but I did not cover it up all over.” “Where did you get your tree?” “It came from a seed.” “Did you plant the seed?” “Yes.” “Did you cover it up all over?” “Yes.” “Then you didn’t plant the tree. You only transplanted, or set it out; and that is just your fix—you have not been planted in baptism, but only set out.” “I believe every one should be baptized to suit his own conscience.” “No, you don’t. You will catch a poor little baby, before it is old enough to have a conscience, and sprinkle water on it.” “I never baptized a baby in my life.” “Did you ever have yours baptized?” “Yes.” “Then ‘he that bids him God-speed is partaker of his evil deed.’ ”

A young student, one night at a college service, confessed Christ, and was baptized. He had no use for the so-called Campbellites; but, being fond of William Henry, he would often go with him to his appointments. He expected to become a member of the Baptist Church, and to study the law, with a view of entering that calling. One day he heard

the preacher preach a sermon on "The Peculiar Views of the Disciples," and, after the sermon, said to him: "I do not know what Church I will join." "You have already joined the Church," was the reply. Much surprised at this statement, the young man denied it. "But you have. When you obeyed Christ in baptism you became a member of His Church and a Christian. Do you want to join something else?" He saw the point. To-day he has a large church in one of the greatest cities of America, and is one of the most brilliant preachers in the brotherhood.

Once, when William Henry was holding a meeting near the college, and, he says, preaching just like he thought Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, there was a Disciple present who was so straight that he leaned a little. He thought it was not preaching if the sects were not abused. He came to the preacher one day with this statement: "The people do not know what Church you represent, and I want you to tell them. Some say you preach a little like the Methodists, but not exactly; others, that you preach a little like the Presbyterians, but they do not believe you are a Presbyterian; others say you preach like

the Baptists, but they do not believe you are a Baptist, and others say that you preach something like the "Campbellites," but not exactly [the Disciples of that church were anti-missionary, anti-organ, and anti-everything else but *ante* up], and still others say they believe you are a good man, trying to go to heaven, but not a member of any Church, but trying to build one of your own." When he preached again he told them what he had heard, and proceeded to tell them of the Church of which he was a member. He read Matthew xvi., 13-18: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." "That is the Church of which I am a member," he said. "Do you want to know my given name? If you do, I will tell you." He quoted Isaiah lxii., 1, 2: "And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory, and thou shalt be called by a new name." And, turning to Acts xi., 26, he read: "And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." "This is my name."

While in college he became very hard up for clothes. One day, when he was almost barefooted, a preacher came that way and gave him a second-hand pair of shoes. He

sold his watch to his room-mate for a pair of copper-colored pantaloons that were rather short. Another friend gave him a shirt, and, when he polished his shoes, put on his new breeches, with a stiff shirt and long-tailed coat, he felt that he was as good as any one. His aunt, who lived on a farm in West Virginia, sent him a home-made pair of jeans breeches. They did not fit extra well, being nearly as large at the ankle as they were at the waist. The wool had not been well prepared, and great knots of yarn would come out on these pantaloons. On many occasions while in the class-room this young student was seen picking off the extra bunches of wool.

While at college he had a letter from C. S. Lucas, of Augusta, Ga., asking if he would take charge of the Second Church in that city at a handsome salary. He replied by saying he did not have sense enough to take charge of such a work, and therefore declined. We promised to tell you something of C. S. Lucas and his work, and there is no better place to tell it than here. His funeral sermon, preached by B. A. Abbott, expresses just what we believe concerning that great man, and we will publish it here :



CHAPMAN S. LUCAS.

My Brethren and Friends.—In making me your chief spokesman on this occasion you have placed upon me a duty exceedingly hard to discharge. It is not hard because I am loth to speak, nor because I hesitate to offer a few words of consolation to the bereaved ones. Indeed, the latter is like holding sad converse with my own soul, for of all who are weeping to-day because of the departure of this dear, good man, none are more sincerely touched than am I. It is a hard task because of the grief of my own soul, and I fear the floods may sweep me away ere I have brought fully my poor offering to the memory of this prince in Israel, this man of God, your pastor and friend. I also feel so sadly and sensibly my great poverty of thought and word compared with the tribute due the man who moved among us with such intellectual greatness, moral grandeur, and Christ-like sympathy. And yet I trust the genuine nature of the few things I may be able to say will atone for much else that will be lacking. And I know that could those silent lips, which aforetime have scattered far and wide such choice pearls of thought and poured into hundreds of broken hearts the balm of consolation, utter a word to-

day, they would own the slightest token from a friend, for while he still walked among us we know that he found life's joy in friendship and tasted heavenly manna in the exercise of love.

My friends, had I the tongues of angels and men, I could scarcely overpraise, nor would the best song I could sing be too sweet. Had I choice of all earth's jewels, I should gather the most costly—opal, and sapphire, and ruby—and plant them, star-like, in sockets of gold for the diadem of his memory. If I might walk free as an angel through the garden of Paradise, and pluck at will, I should get the flowers richest of hue, most exquisite of form, and sweetest in fragrance, and lay them upon his bier to-day, and they would be as fitting there as the full-blown roses in the hand of a June morning or the rainbow woven in the mist of the summer evening by the setting sun.

If we count his life by years, it was not long. Hardly had the sun commenced to deflect in his western course when the strong man was called by the Captain of his salvation to a higher duty. Though it was but high noon, the call came and the soldier doffed his armor, the cross-bearer

was eased of his burden, and the weary worker lay down to rest. There was much ripe wheat to be gathered, and he was busy in the harvest ; but the Master of the Harvest spoke to him, and he entered into the rich fruition so fitting for a servant so dutiful.

If we measure his life by deeds, and not by years, there is much to record, and earth's annals contain few stories more beautiful and sweet. Though he lived not long, yet lived he much. His journey in the world was short, only forty-eight fleeting years, but of those thirty-three were spent in heralding the blessed evangel of truth and in doing deeds which were like leaves from the tree of life. When the news of his departure flashes through the land thousands of hearts will be saddened and hurt, for he was to so many as the touch of God awaking them to new hopes and experiences and glorifying them with a new moral beauty.

If all to whom he has done a kindness and been an inspiration were to bring a flower for his grave, he would rest at last, as he deserves, under a canopy of beauty.

The vision of him I now see is that he was a model preacher, a model pastor, and a model man.

Upon these aspects let us look briefly.

My first acquaintance with him was in his pulpit ministrations. He was unique. He pleased and puzzled me. I was dazzled and delighted. Like a mountain, he stood majestic and was gloriously sun-crowned. I believed closer acquaintance would dissolve an illusion and dispel the clouds in my mind, and I should find him no greater than other men; but as I drew nearer he was still like the mountain, which, as you approach it, becomes grander, until you see it higher than all its fellows, and you stand silent and full of emotion, smitten by its sublimity.

He who lies here asleep to-day was a model preacher, because he had a passion for preaching. It was his meat and drink. He could not live without it, and at last gave up his life by it. His passion for preaching martyred him on the altar of service for humanity. This was the secret of his life. The love of Jesus and the needs of his fellow-men constrained him, and he rested not till the end came. Only last Sunday the voice that now helps chant the gloria of the angels in Heaven charmed the worshipers here, and those who heard him said he never brought a sweeter message

than the last he ever delivered from this stand.

He was a model preacher, again, because his sermons were profound and yet practical. He was a philosopher, but his philosophy was as limpid as a flowing brook and as life-giving as a mountain spring. He walked all the avenues of human thought, and compelled all to serve man. The world was his library, and from every part of it he wrought out those messages that so helped all of us who heard him. He was enabled to be a model preacher because he was a constant student. He had digested all the great books of the age. These came forth out of his own laboratory as light and heat for the spiritual nature. He made excursions into the mystical regions of the abstruse, where but few trembling feet have ever trod, and came back richly laden with gems of truth, and freely gave away to all who desired to be enriched.

His sermons were broad and varied. He found a word for people in all conditions of life. He preached a full gospel, and rightly divided the Word of Truth. He did not impoverish one department of the soul while satisfying another. He fed the mind, touched the heart, and strove to build up a

Christian society. To the babes he gave the sincere milk of the Word, and to the men and women he discoursed of the deep things of God.

It must also be mentioned that, while his sermons were powerful, they were not works of art. No ; there was something higher in his mind. He could have become distinguished in literature. We know from what rare touches of beauty he made his sermons glow that he had the artist temperament. His sermons were works of the heart, and that was why he found men cold and dead and left them warm and alive. His sermons were full of faith. He had no doubts—no clouds obscured his vision—but he wrote of the “perfect certitude of faith.” Doubt destroys a preacher’s power. Faith makes it.

He was a model pastor.

First, because of his industry and attention to the needs of his people. He knew them and called them by name. Ever welcome in their homes, he always found happiness in pastoral visitation, because he loved his people. It was not mere routine, but a duty which he prized as a privilege.

He was a sympathetic pastor. I scarcely

know in which point he was greatest—mind or heart. Several years ago a friend of his said to me that his brain would not cease to act for years after his body slept. But many of us will feel his warm heart-throbs against ours even when the glory of his intellectual achievements may be forgotten.

One of the members of this church told me a year ago of his close attentions to those of his members who were in trouble. Affliction after affliction had come upon her, and now her son lay by death's door. During this time her pastor called every day. Sometimes she did not see him ; sometimes he stayed only a moment. " But," said she, " I knew he always had me in his heart, and I cannot tell you how much comfort that was." Ah, yes ! those in trouble always lay on his heart. Thus he fed them and led them to living fountains of water, and wiped all tears from their eyes.

He was impartial. He no doubt had favorites, as did Jesus, though he never told me so ; but this did not cause him to fail in duty or love to any. The rich and the poor were alike to him. His spiritual nature was so large he could rejoice with the one in his affluence and help the other

in his want. He was too good a brother to foment strife between the rich and the poor. He was too pure and good to covet any man's riches, and too humble and affectionate to despise anybody poor.

If apparently severe in cases, it was the severity of the surgeon, who desires nothing so much as the salvation of his patient, and yet knows that the only way is through the knife. His ear was open to every cry of distress, and the only worry he ever had was because he could not relieve the needs of all who sought his succor. He was like Paul was to the Thessalonians—kind as a father and gentle as a nurse. To the sick, his words were medicine ; to the bereaved, consolation ; to the wayward, warning and persuasive love ; to those in darkness, light ; to the despondent, inspiration, wisdom, and happiness. He was a model pastor.

He was a model man.

He was a model preacher and a model pastor because he was a model man. Genuine to the core of his being, no shallow professionalism could in any wise satisfy him.

His courage was one of his characteristics. And it was not courage for a price, nor for the plaudits of men, but for the

truth. He never antagonized; men unless righteousness did demand it. Nothing could intimidate him. When he was assured of the justice of a cause, he conferred not with flesh and blood, but immediately threw his whole soul and mighty powers on its side. His courage was not bravado, but one of the forms of his love for humanity, and there were no self gratulations when he exercised it. It was the genuine forth-putting of his nature, and no mere playing to the galleries.

Another thing which has always impressed me was his humanity. He knew his great power, but never for a moment was he puffed up with pride. He would preach as earnestly to a handful of people in the bare, bleak surroundings of a little backwoods chapel as amidst the elegant furnishings and for the cultured congregation of the city church. He saw life in its reality, and could not be lured from the right way by the garnish lights of ambition. He did not seek high places, nor important charges. If no one asked him to preach, he went to needy places, and preached anyhow. He filled the low places well, and God called him to the higher ones, which he always graced and enlarged. He never boasted of

his achievements, but rejoiced with a grateful heart when God used him. When he came from some of his great meetings there was in his face the after-glow of a transfiguration, but no self-glorification ever marred the triumphs he won. He was a man of genius, and his genius was consecrated to God. There was an aureola about his brow ; it rested there because of the love of Christ.

He was the most unselfish man I ever knew. If ever in his life he did a selfish thing, I never heard of it. He gave away his money to every one who needed, till we all thought he robbed himself. Our hearts ached as we saw him day after day strip himself of needed rest, because his heart would not let him be still where cries for help were in the world. My very first memory of him was an act of kindness. A poor country boy, on his way from mill, was thrown with his bag of flour from his horse. He was unable to lift the bag, and knew not what to do. Our brother, who had already made a reputation and was a leading minister of his State, came along, and, seeing the need, at once helped the boy out of difficulty. I was a mere child when I heard it, but it impressed me greatly that such a man

would stop to help a poor little unknown boy out of trouble. His whole life was like that. The smallest detail he decided by the greatest principle. That act was a picture of his life. He has spent it helping others. No envy, malice, or vanity ever found a place in his heart, and no jealous word ever passed his lips. The burdens he carried were very great, and for two or three years before his death he was crowned with suffering, yet he never murmured and never gave way to the weakness of self-pity.

I must stop now, but the power of his life will go on. Have we come to the end? It is said that were some fixed stars blotted out now, it would be a hundred years before their light would fail on the earth, and, although that massive brain is still, and the voice hushed forever for us while we remain here, his example will remain an inspiration and his memory a sacred treasure to the end of our lives. He said little or nothing of the coming end, but God had whispered it to his soul, and glimpses of the next world were passing before him. His face was toward the city, and its glory fell upon him. By chance there fell into my hands last night a schedule of his topics for October and November, and on this very evening

his topic was to have been "Gates of Heaven Everywhere." Dear pastor, brother, friend, thou hast swept through the gates and art with thy God. His topic next Sunday morning was to have been "The Peaceful End of the Good Man." Ah, brethren, for days and days he has been kneeling at the threshold, with his hand upon the door, and last Friday God softly opened it and bade him enter.

Do we sorrow not as others who have no hope? There are those of us who will feel lonely, but we know we shall meet him again. He cannot come to us, but we can go to him. There will from henceforth be to me much more incentive to reach Heaven.

In the famous Watt's collection there is the picture of Death entering a cottage. His face wears no fierceness, but determination is written there. The door is pushed back a little, and the roses torn from above the door lie bruised upon the floor. Love, with prayer and anguish written in her face, tries in vain, with uplifted arm, to stay the intruder. The picture is not complete. Back of it, from out the open gates of Heaven, should be the Angel of the Resurrection, sweeping to earth on broad,

graceful wings, who, with a single kiss, will wake to life all the dead who have died in the Lord. Amen.

While at college William Henry's health gave way, and he went home for a rest; and while there he received a call to become an evangelist in East Tennessee at \$35.00 per month. When he received this message he did not even have money enough with which to purchase a stamp. He hustled around, however, and borrowed twenty-five cents from a friend. He decided to go to Tennessee, provided he could raise money to pay his transportation. He wrote to a brother in the ministry for the amount, but failed to get it. He was not discouraged, but wrote to another, who had charge of a church on the route. This brother did not refuse him, but sent him the amount, and with it an invitation to stop and hold him a short meeting. This was indeed sunshine amid shadow. He accepted the invitation. At the close of the meeting the preacher refused to allow him to return the money borrowed, and the church gave him a little purse, which was worth a great deal to him at that time. He has since preached

many times for that church, and has spent many happy hours with that preacher in the Lord's work.

From Tennessee he returned to Virginia, where he did evangelistic work; and almost by accident he drifted into one of the new cities which had recently sprung up in Pulaski county. Here he found eighteen Disciples, with a little frame building, six hundred dollars in debt. The church was scarcely organized, and only one member of the little band would pray in public. He held a meeting of a few days, had large audiences and several confessions, and at once decided to take charge of this work, and, with God's help, build a church. He proceeded to get up subscriptions for his own salary, and raised in pledges one hundred and fifty dollars, for which he gave about one-half of his time, the rest being devoted to country churches and a mission in another city. For a while he was chorister, clerk, treasurer, preacher, pastor, and janitor. The first year he collected one hundred and twenty-five dollars of the pledges, and that year he must have received in all, over and above traveling expenses, about two hundred and fifty dollars.



PULASKI CHURCH.

This year he married. It was in the summer of '87, while at the Bluestone Convention, he saw the woman who became his wife. He at once introduced himself, and during the convention gave her some attention. We do not mean to say that he proposed then and there, for he did not even hint at love. The convention adjourned and they separated. In January, 1888, he made his first visit to her home, and while there preached several times. The people thought that he was there only to do some evangelistic work, and her father, being a leading Disciple of that community, saw that he was remunerated for his services, and, for all we know, he and his daughter both contributed to this fund. He left—and without saying a word on the subject! When he returned he stopped with an uncle in Snowville, Va., and the next morning, when he came to breakfast, he announced to the family that he would be married within two months. “To whom?” inquired his uncle. “To Miss Kate McKenzie, of Mercer county, West Virginia. I have never said anything to her about it, but we will be married within two months.” “How do you know that you can get her?” asked the

uncle. "Oh, that's all settled," replied the preacher. He immediately invited his friends to the marriage.

Not long after this the courtship began in earnest. The United States mail did a big business for two months. The time had come for him to pop the question. He was poor, and getting a small salary. Must she know all about it? He would not deceive her. He wrote her a letter, stating the facts; said that he was poor—wasn't worth anything, and never expected to be—but, if she were willing to risk it, he would promise to make her a living. The time had come for him to get a reply to the important question. He watched at the office until late at night for the train that would bring the letter. It came; and, hurriedly and much excited, he perused its pages. In reading her answer he understood it to be a refusal, and at this point he rolled it up and poked it away into his pocket, saying to himself, "No one shall know this." When he got to his room he decided to read it again, and this time he found the "not" was of his own making. She had decided to take him; but when? He had promised the people a wedding inside of two months. She thought it had better be deferred until

the next autumn. He persisted, however, in his pleading, and, after much argument and persuasion, won the case. He made another visit to her home, which was the second, and at that time made all necessary arrangements. He told her that they would not only be united in the "bonds of wedlock, but *padlock*"—meaning that the bread and meat would be locked up in her father's smoke-house, while they would *pad* about for a while. He wrote to a preacher to know if he could secure his services; and you may imagine how much chagrined he was when the preacher wrote to the young lady to know if the young man were in earnest. The day came for the marriage—March 6th, at 9 o'clock P. M., 1888, at the home of the bride. There were no great demonstrations. Only a few friends were present. After the ceremony had been concluded, the time came for congratulations, and, being somewhat excited and rather unused to such, while kissing his new relatives he came near kissing his father-in-law, too. William Henry gave the preacher ten dollars, and then had to borrow money to get back to his charge.

Of course you will want to know how they lived on such a small salary. Well, we will tell you in our next.

CHAPTER VI.

HOUSE-KEEPING—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES—
A NEW CHURCH—GOES TO CLIFTON FORGE—
EDITS A PAPER—A NEW WORK—BECOMES
A GENERAL EVANGELIST—A DEBATER—A
HOST OF PREACHERS.

The newly-married couple were at their home by June 15th, 1888. They rented a cottage with three rooms (the rooms being quite small), which was furnished by a cheap lot of furniture. His library consisted of a Bible, hymn-book, almanac, and a few school books ; and his book-case was a goods box, covered with a newspaper. But they were just as happy as two kittens.

The church grew and prospered, and at the beginning of the second year they called him for four hundred and fifty dollars, and for all of his time, he being responsible for one-fifth of the amount not paid. I feel sure that I will be safe in saying that they lived some weeks on fifty cents, not counting the bread. A good brother in the country gave him a pig. He brought it home and put it in the pen, believing that he would have meat enough to do him the next year. He expected to raise the pig on



MRS. WILLIAM HENRY.

the dish-water ; but from some cause the dish-water looked to be thin and pale, and the pig did not seem to prosper as well as was desired. William Henry thought in all probability it was hide-bound, and he had heard that to curry a horse it would loosen his hide and make him grow, and he could not understand why the same thing would not be good for a pig. He determined to try it, anyhow. He went to the hardware store and inquired of the merchant if they had curry-combs for sale. The merchant said he had, but was curious to know what he wanted with one. "To curry a pig," said the preacher. "A man who will curry a pig is a fool," remarked the merchant. The comb was secured, however, and you would have hurt your sides laughing had you seen the preacher trying it on the poor pig's back. It jumped and squealed, but he continued to rub. When it would see him coming, all he would have to do would be to poke the comb through the crack of the pen and let the pig see it, and it would back itself up in the corner of the pen and squeal for life.

He remained as pastor of this church six years, and with an increased salary each year. About four hundred members were

enrolled, and at the end of the sixth year a house of worship, worth nearly \$10,000, (at that time the second best church of the Disciples in the State,) had been erected. A man who gave five dollars the first year gave over \$2,500 the last year.

Soon after his marriage he was holding a meeting in one of the towns in that section of the State, and, being in need of some clean laundry, he went in search of some one to do the work. A negro cabin was visited. It was a dingy, low room. He poked his head in at the door and stated his business. He informed the old negro woman that he was a preacher, holding a meeting in the town, and wanted some washing done. Imagine how he looked when the old woman asked: "Is ye a colored minister, sir?"

He went from Pulaski City to Clifton Forge, Va. This church had been organized by John L. Brandt, and E. B. Bagby and L. M. Omer had served as pastors. He remained with this church four years as pastor, and during his stay a large number were added, and the church prospered in all missionary enterprises.

In October, 1893, he began to publish "The Clifton Forge Evangelist," a four-page, six-

teen-column paper, which made its appearance once a month. This is what some of the newspapers said of the enterprise :

We are indebted to Rev. W. H. Book for the first copy of the "Clifton Forge Evangelist," a religious monthly which he has commenced the publication of in that city. The little sheet is very handsome in appearance, and is strongly characteristic of Mr. Book. The avowed mission of the publication is to reach those religiously inclined, through the newspaper medium, who will not attend religious worship and be spoken to direct. The publication will necessarily be a success when it is considered that Mr. Book is back of it.—*News Review*.

We are in receipt of the first number of a religious four-page monthly paper, recently established in this city by Rev. W. H. Book, the progressive pastor of the Disciples Church, called the "Clifton Forge Evangelist." While the paper will be the exponent of the teachings of that denomination, it will aim to develop a healthy religious sentiment without regard to sect. The paper presents a very creditable appearance, and we wish the enterprise great success.—*Valley Virginian*.

The "Clifton Forge Evangelist" is a new candidate for public favor. It is published at Clifton Forge, Va., and W. H. Book is editor. This is a sufficient guarantee that it will be lively, spicy, and interesting. The number of local church papers is rapidly growing. Success to them all. They have an important field to fill.—*Missionary Weekly*.

We have received the first number of the "Clifton Forge Evangelist," published by Rev. W. H. Book, and welcome it to our exchange list. This first number exhibits so much vitality that we may safely predict for "The Evangelist" a long and useful career.—*New Castle Record*.

The "Clifton Forge Evangelist," a neat little church paper, edited by W. H. Book, is full of good things. It shows plainly, both in the lines and between the lines, that energy and pluck move the pen of its editor. It is a bright little sheet, that should be read by others as well as "Disciples."—*Index*.

We have received the second number of the "Clifton Forge Evangelist," a lively little religious sheet, published by Rev. W. H. Book, of the Disciples' Church, at Clifton

Forge. It is a live, spicy little journal, characteristic of the intelligence that runs it.—*Scottsville Courier*.

The “Clifton Forge Evangelist,” which we with pleasure place on our exchange list, takes first rank among our local church papers. From reports given in the last issue of the paper you will see that Brother Book is a live man, co-operating with a live wide-awake church. Again we say success to the Clifton Forge pastor, people, and paper.—*Christian Visitor*.

We have received the “Clifton Forge Evangelist,” a religious paper published at that place, Rev. W. H. Book editor. It is a neatly-printed and well-edited little paper, and we hope it will meet with success.—*Fincastle Herald*.

The “Clifton Forge Evangelist” is a new candidate for public favor. Its editor is Rev. W. H. Book. It is a neat and newsy little sheet and we welcome it to our exchange list.—*Buchanan Banner*.

William Henry continued this paper for five years, and the circulation probably reached 5,000. It proved quite a success from a financial standpoint, and we trust

did much good. It was afterwards consolidated with the *Christian Tribune*.

Clifton Forge was in the centre of a large field, which knew but little of primitive Christianity. This field was bounded on the east by Charlottesville, one hundred miles distant; on the west by Ronceverte, fifty-seven miles away, and on the south by New Castle, distant forty-five miles. There was not a single church in Bath and Highland counties, and only two in Augusta, two in Alleghany, none in Botetourt, and probably one in Rockbridge, one in Greenbrier, two in Summers, and none in Amherst. The reader will see that this was a rich field and only needed cultivation. William Henry decided, with the help of God, to put at least two evangelists into the field. He employed J. R. Fitzgerald and W. G. Walters, with a promise that he would be responsible for their pay. He determined to devote his lectures to this work.

W. G. Walters was a young man, just twenty-one years of age, but he had already had about two years' experience in the ministry, and was a strong preacher for one of his age. His first meeting in this field was in Millboro, Bath county. The Presby-



CLIFTON FORGE CHURCH.

terians virtually owned the town. There was just one Disciple living in the place at that time. The following note, which appeared in the *Evangelist*, will give some idea of the opposition :

WORDS FROM MILLBORO.

For several days past our little village has been greatly stirred religiously. W. G. Walters, of Hinton, W. Va., a young minister of the Church of Christ (Disciples), has been preaching in Warren's Hall. When he came the church which had been promised him was officially refused ; but the people were determined he should have a hearing, and J. W. Warren, one of our most enterprising citizens, kindly tendered the use of his hall, a most excellent place. Mrs. Warren had her organ put into the hall ; the people made the room very much after the order of a church, and the people came until the house was packed. While Mr. Walters is a young man, he is in no wise inexperienced, but is a fine preacher. He sticks close to the Bible, proving all he asserts. The people are delighted with his earnest, plain, logical, Scriptural sermons. The town is greatly stirred, and the people are, like the Bereans of old, searching the

Scriptures to see if those things are so. Already there have been thirty-four conversions, and we think more will follow.

J. L. TULLOH.

The meeting continued two weeks, and a church was organized with forty-seven members, nearly all of them having come from the Presbyterian Church. A man was secured for one fourth of his time, and to-day they own a good building in the town.

Brother Walters spent one month in the field, added fifty-seven to the church, and he received in all for his work fifty-two dollars and fifty cents.

In the meantime William Henry had organized a church at Hinton, with over forty members, and Brother Walters was at once secured as pastor there. During his stay a neat and commodious house of worship was erected.

J. R. Fitzgerald spent about three years in this work, and with great success. A church was organized at Griffith, with about thirty members. Griffith is near the point where William Henry had held a two days' discussion with S. T. Bowe, of the Adventist Church.

A church was also organized in the

Valley, ten miles west of Clifton Forge, with several members; and missions were conducted at Buchanan, Sharon, Longdale, Low Moor, Cross-Roads, and Arritt's.

While pastor at Clifton Forge William Henry held quite a number of meetings and conducted three debates. The first debate was held at Sharon, ten miles east of Clifton Forge, and was with an Adventist by the name of Bowe. Mr. Bowe, with others of his Church, had been conducting meetings in that part of the State, and many had turned from the truth to accept the doctrines of men. Mr. Bowe was their leader, and made bold to challenge any man in Virginia, or any other State, to meet him upon the question in dispute. The pastor of the church at Clifton Forge accepted the challenge, and the *Review*, the leading paper of Alleghany county, gave the following report:

THE SHARON DEBATE—ELDER S. T. BOWE,
THE ADVENTIST PREACHER, VANQUISHED.

The debate that has been pending between Adventist S. T. Bowe and the Rev. W. H. Book, of Clifton Forge, took place at Sharon Church, which is about six miles east of Clifton Forge. The debate was attended by

a large audience of intelligent people, quite a number of whom were from our city. The debate began at 10 o'clock A. M., and continued till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, except about an hour in the middle of the day, which was devoted to feeding the inner man with a bountiful supply of chickens and other good viands, which were served on the grounds. After the recess the debate began again, and was discussed by Rev. W. H. Book, whose arguments could not be answered by Mr. Bowe. Mr. Bowe did not seem to be able to get at the point he wished to make, and beat about as if he were completely stranded. While Mr. Bowe was floundering Mr. Book composed the following verses, which illustrate the position of Mr. Bowe :

He has wired in and wired out,
And left the people's mind in doubt ;
He is like a snake, crossing the track—
He doesn't know whether he is coming in or
going back.

By agreement the debate closed at 4 P. M. At the close Mr. Book asked the audience if it was satisfied with the debate. Five-sixths of the audience expressed their satisfaction by rising. Mr. Bowe was not satisfied, and consequently the debate was con-

tinued till to-morrow (Friday), when we think Mr. Bowe will meet with a worse defeat. The Adventists have struck the wrong man, and we hope this contest will prove a severe blow to their nefarious doctrine.—*Valley Virginian*.

The debate announced to take place between Rev. W. H. Book, pastor of the Clifton Forge Disciples Church, and Rev. S. T. Bowe, an Adventist preacher, at Sharon Church, near Longdale, came off on Thursday and Friday, August 9 and 10. The subject at issue was "Man's Destiny," or the state of the soul in death. The Adventist affirmed that the dead are unconscious from the time that the soul leaves its tenement of clay until the resurrection and general judgment, and that after these events the wicked will be destroyed. The believers in this doctrine assume as a postulate, or self-evident truth, to which assent may be demanded without argument or evidence, that man does not inherently possess immortality, and that it will never be given to the wicked. Rev. Mr. Book, of course, denied the truth of the Adventist preacher's doctrine, and claimed that no proof for such unsound views could be found in the Bible.

Much interest was manifested in the de-

bate by the people of the neighborhood, and they flocked in large numbers on both days to hear the champions of the respective beliefs. Many persons, also, went out from Clifton Forge to hear the speaking.

The two days' exercises proved a Waterloo for the Adventist, and he retired from the contest at the close of Friday, vanquished and beaten.

A vote of the people present was taken on the merits of the debate, and about 90 per cent. of the whole number awarded the victory to Pastor Book. This was not satisfactory to Mr. Bowe, and he asked that those who had been converted to his views would manifest the fact by holding up their hands. In answer to this request not a hand was raised. Mr. Book then asked that those who before the debate doubted the immortality of the soul, and now accepted that doctrine, would arise, and quite a crowd did so.

Two Adventist preachers and other friends of Mr. Bowe were present. Though they were forced to acknowledge that the champion of the doctrines they had espoused was "downed," they were—like all men "convinced against their will"—"of the same opinion still," and they desired to pit

against Mr. Book, on some future occasion, one of the preachers of their faith who is now in California. Mr. Book will accept their challenge, if they bring their man.—*Clifton Forge Review*.

Some very amusing things occurred in this discussion. Mr. Bowe, after hearing his opponent's first speech, in order to get a laugh, said that he would give five hundred dollars, if he had it, for that speech, if he owned a circus show. His opponent, in his next speech, said that after getting his speech Mr. Bowe would need two other things to constitute a first-class show—a grind-organ and a monkey—and that he would furnish the organ while Mr. Bowe would furnish the monkey, and that while he turned the crank the monkey would dance. Every time Mr. Bowe would interrupt him he would simply stand before the audience, pretend to turn a crank, and state, "The performance has begun."

Mr. Bowe took the position that the words "life" and "soul" should be translated "breath." His opponent replied that he would substitute the word "breath," and see how the Scriptures would read, and proceeded to give the following quota-

tions: "Bless the Lord, oh, my breath." "What shall it profit a man were he to gain the whole world and lose his breath, or what shall he give in exchange for his breath." "My breath troubleth me." (Got the croup, bronchial affection.) "The Lord is a breath, and they that worship Him must worship Him in breath." He then asked his opponent to define "life," and he replied by stating that "It is conscious existence, and death is non-conscious existence." He then said that he did not possess life, but death, and would not have life until the resurrection. William Henry turned to the chairman, and said: "Mr. Chairman, if this man states the truth, in that he does not possess life—that is, conscious existence—then he is incompetent to debate this proposition, for he declares himself that he is not conscious."

One day the Adventist gentleman turned his face toward the grave-yard and waxed eloquent. He exclaimed: "All of those people lying in the graves are Adventists, soul sleepers, for in the grave there is no device, nor counsel, nor knowledge. They know not anything; they are Adventists." William Henry replied that he believed that his opponent had stated the truth, and that,

judging his people by the same standard—"they know not anything"—he thought they belonged to the same crowd.

His next discussion was with a Methodist minister, and a correspondent of the *Christian Tribune* gave the following report of it :

The writer, accompanied by the genial pastor of Hagerstown, attended the debate which was held at Paw Paw, W. Va., January 29th. The indefatigable W. H. Book, of Clifton Forge, Va., defended our brethren, while Mr. Wrightson, of the M. E. Church, represented his people.

The following propositions were accepted, as arranged by Mr. Wrightson, he affirming the first only :

1st. That infant baptism is supported by history, reason, and Scripture.

2d. That immersion is the only mode of baptism taught in the Scripture.

3d. That baptism is necessary to the remission of sins.

From the beginning it was evident that the advocate of affusion did not fully understand the teachings of Scripture concerning the questions proposed by him. Our Brother Book, however, was thoroughly pre-

pared, very earnest, commanding wit and good humor with telling effect.

Mr. Wrightson's references to history utterly condemned his defence of the third proposition, and placed him in an awkward dilemma. They proved too much. He made no use of "reason" whatever, but endeavored to prove by "the oneness of the church," "circumcision," "the covenant with Abraham," "the use of the word sprinkle," "suffer little children to come unto me," &c., the scripturalness of his position. It was an easy task indeed to show the fallacy of arguments from such premises, especially when they concerned the great commission of our Lord.

When they came to discuss the second proposition I could not help feeling a sympathy for Mr. Wrightson. He seemed to realize the advantage of his opponent. But his face wore a bright smile, and had an expression of sweetness. Brother Book greatly impressed the audience with his masterly presentation of the truth.

In the discussion of the third proposition it seemed to be a new thought to the Methodist that water baptism preceded what they called the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that baptism in water was a

command, while that of the Holy Ghost was a promise.

But this will suffice—your space will not permit me to write in detail. Our people at Paw Paw will never again be disturbed, and the church will have peace.

This debate was held in the Methodist Church, and was largely attended. William Henry says that he found Mr. Wrightson one of the most gentlemanly opponents in every respect that he has ever met.

His next debate was with an Adventist in Roane county, W. Va. In a communication he made the following report of this discussion :

The Adventists own this country. I found two Methodists, one Disciple, one Baptist, one Presbyterian, and Adventists—well, too many to count. I preached at night and had a fine audience. To them the doctrine was strange. Two Adventist preachers guarded the pulpit, and as soon as the sermon was ended called for a debate. I told them if they were anxious I could accommodate them; so the house was called to order, a chairman chosen, and the proposition formed, “ Man Naturally is

Possessed of Immortality," which I affirmed and Brother Kidd, their pastor, denied. For two hours the battle lasted. The people seemed to enjoy it. They are a spunky set, and never give up. I used the argument that man is a triune being, consisting of body, soul, and spirit, and showed that the body was mortal and the spirit immortal. Mr. Kidd took the position that all of man died in the fall. I quoted the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, "Though I give my body to be burned," thus showing that the body is not the man, the immortal part; but that I, the part that possessed the body, is." He tried to laugh off this point, and said, "I is a big fellow; big I—a regular pumpkin buster." When I replied I told the people it was true that "I is a pumpkin buster"; and, with my hand gently placed on his head, I said, "And this is the pumpkin, and when I get through with it you will discover the pumpkin is *green*."

We give below William Henry's report of a scrap with Latter-Day Saints(?):

The Mormon gang is being represented in Craig county by their travelling elders. Some of the churches have been opened to



WILLIAM HENRY'S FAMILY.

them, and from our pulpits they have sounded forth what they call gospel. We have had a longing desire to meet with a preacher of this peculiar people. This desire was gratified in the month of August, in the town of New Castle. On one of the streets we came into contact with two of them. They gave out some of their tracts. We asked them if they had a tract on the Mountain Meadow massacre. They said they did not. Then we inquired if they had one on horse-stealing in Missouri. "No," was the answer. "But," we continued, "you should have them, and let the people know about you." They took occasion to tell us that they had Bible for their existence. We replied that we believed they did—in fact, we thought Paul had them in mind when he wrote to Timothy, for he said there should be a class who would have a form of godliness, but would deny the power thereof, and that they would "creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts."

They gave us to understand that the Latter-Day Saints (?) had miraculous power, which they tried to prove from the 12th chapter of First Corinthians. We told them we thought John also had them in his mind

when he said : " I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils working miracles."—Revelations xvi., 13, 14.

After serving the church at Clifton Forge four years in the capacity of pastor William Henry resigned to enter the evangelistic field. He has held meetings for the following churches: Milligan College, Roan Mountain, and Bristol, in Tennessee: Wytheville, Crockett's, Pulaski City, Radford, Laurel Hill, Churchwood, Staffordsville, Narrows, Pembroke, Price's Forks, Alleghany, Snowville, New Salem, Blacksburg, Level Green, Simmonsville, John's Creek, Bethel, Mountain View, Chestnut Grove, Healing Springs, Salem, Roanoke, Blackwater, Boone's Mill, Helm's, Martinsville, Lynchburg, Danville, Arritt's, Clifton Forge, Charlottesville, Gordonsville, Louisa, Bethphage, Salem (Louisa county), Beaver Dam, Holly Grove, Macedonia, Unionville, Fredericksburg, Manchester, Third Church and Marshall-Street (Richmond), Crewe, Dayton, Mount Jackson, Edinburg, Woodstock, Zion, Fair View, Walnut

Springs, Strasburg, Saumsville, and Ebenezer, in Virginia; Rockville, Hagerstown, and Baltimore, in Maryland; Ninth-Street Church, Washington City; Bluefield, Branwell, Willowton, McKenzie, Ronceverte, Indian Mills, Waitville, Sink's Grove, Hinton, Montgomery, East Bank, and Cedar Grove, West Virginia; Greensburg and Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Bellevue, Kentucky; New Bern and Winston, North Carolina; and has also preached in Ohio. He has held two meetings for the church at Manchester; two with E. B. Bagby, at Washington; two at Strasburg; two at Woodstock, and five at Lynchburg.

In one meeting of three days at New Castle there were seventy-one conversions.

In his first meeting at Montgomery he preached one week, with three additions; others came on Sunday at 11 o'clock, and on Sunday night forty-six persons came forward.

His last debate was with Rumsey Smithson, D. D., a man about sixty-two years of age, and who had had thirty-five years' experience as a debater, having met five preachers of the Christian Church. He is a man of wide reputation, and is considered the strongest debater in the Methodist

Church, South. The debate was held in an open grove at Fisher's Hill, Virginia, and lasted nine days—six hours each day. Hundreds of people were present throughout the entire discussion.

From a special dispatch to the *Baltimore American* we clip the following :

The first day of the debate was mostly consumed in translating words that pertained to baptism from the Hebrew and Greek into the English language. The second day was largely used in discussing baptism from a historical standpoint. The third day brought with it the translation of prepositions and Bible instances of baptism.

Mr. Book endeavored to get the subject for baptism in the water, while Dr. Smithson labored to keep his subject on dry ground.

The fourth day began the discussion of the second proposition. Dr. Smithson claimed, in the first proposition, that immersion is not always baptism, as in the case of a dog being plunged into the water ; but when it came to the second proposition Rev. Book turned the Doctor's gun on him, and claimed that infants could no more be

baptized than the dog referred to by the Doctor, inasmuch as the heart, mind, and will were not in it.

Both disputants claimed that infants were saved without baptism, but the Doctor said he baptized them to get them into the visible Church.

The third proposition was then taken up, and for three days faithfully discussed, without seemingly affecting any change in the faith of either one. Each disputant seemed to be just as firm in his belief at the close of the debate as he was at the beginning. In fact, there did not seem to be such a vast difference of opinion between the debaters in point of doctrine. Both admitted baptism to be commanded, and both practice it, even by immersion. The difference on the last proposition is that Mr. Book claimed that baptism is necessary to the full promise of the pardon of sins, but that water does not wash away sins ; while Dr. Smithson claims that baptism is necessary to admit one into the visible Church, and that it is not necessary to the pardoning of sins, but is a sign or seal of the covenant God made with Abraham, and which has been perpetuated on down to the present time.

Besides his oral discussions, William Henry has conducted some written discussions, one being with H. H. Hawes, a leading Presbyterian preacher. This continued for weeks.

William Henry's motto is, "Be good, keep sweet, and stay in the middle of the road."

His sons in the Gospel are W. G. Johnston, C. O. Woodward, Joseph Paxton; and his step-sons are W. F. Shinall, W. G. Walters, G. P. Rutledge, George Phelps, R. E. Elmore, J. E. Stuart, and D. M. Scott.

Craig, his native county, has furnished the following preachers: B. A. Abbott, P. B. Abbott, Edward Abbott, M. H. H. Lee, C. E. Elmore, R. E. Elmore, W. G. Johnston, Joseph Paxton, Biddle Sublett, O. F. Hoffman, Joseph Martin, John Price, C. B. Reynolds, J. C. Reynolds, John Givens, and P. W. Snodgrass. Other young men are preparing for the work.

SERMON.

THE COMMUNION OF THE BLOOD AND THE
BODY OF JESUS CHRIST.

(Text: I. Cor. x., 16, and xi., 26.)

This is a question about which gathers much confusion, when considered in the light of the teachings of the denominations. The doctrines of "transubstantiation" and "consubstantiation" (rather big words), as held by a large class of people, are but little understood, and hard to reconcile with the teachings of God's Word. The Roman Catholic priest tells us that when Christ said, "This is My body and My blood," He meant just what He said, and that to eat of the loaf and to drink of the cup is to literally eat and to drink Jesus Christ's body.

We are told that once a young woman was married to a young man who was a zealous Catholic. He was anxious to see her a member of the old mother (?) Church, and often would have the priest come to his home to instruct her in its ways. She could not believe in transubstantiation, but the priest said that was easy to understand when we remember Christ had said "This

is My body and My blood," and that Christ was the head of the Church in Heaven, while Peter was its head on earth ; and that Peter being the first Pope—infallible in doctrine—he had the power to change the bread and wine into flesh and blood, and he, having come down through that line of succession, had the same power. The young bride was not good in an argument, but she was splendid at a demonstration. She said to him : " Father, if you will grant me one request I will accept your doctrine." " What is it?" inquired the priest. " Allow me to prepare the loaf." " Certainly," was his answer. She did, and when the time came for the communion she was present. The priest explained how the bread and wine had been changed. Just at this point the woman interrupted him by asking if it would hurt to eat the loaf. " Certainly not ; that is just the thing to do," replied the priest. " *You* can eat it, if you want to," she said, " but I am afraid. I prepared that loaf, and I put a spoonful of arsenic into it, and I thought, if you could change the flour, you could change the arsenic, too. I am afraid to eat it." So was he.

Christ was the greatest teacher the world has ever seen. His greatness consisted in



OUR HOME.

His simplicity. He took every day illustrations, and with them taught deep and profound truths. When He saw the man scattering seed over the different grades of soil, He said the Kingdom of Heaven is like that. "A sower went forth to sow." (1) He did not mean that the Kingdom is a literal field, but like it. And when He beheld the vine hanging full of luscious grapes, He said: "I am the vine; ye are the branches." (2) But He did not mean that He is a literal grape-vine, and they, His disciples, were literal branches of a literal grape-vine, whose business was to bear literal grapes; but it was an illustration, to teach the doctrine of abiding and bearing fruit. And when He said, "I am the door of the sheep," (3) and "I am the way," (4) He did not mean that He is a literal door and a literal road-way. And when He said to Peter, "Get thee behind Me, Satan," (5) He did not mean to say that Peter was literally the Devil. He was using a figure of speech then, as He did when He said, "This is My body and My blood." This looks like, resembles, symbolizes it.

(1) Matt. 13.

(2) John xv., 5.

(3) John x., 7.

(4) John xiv., 6.

(5) Matt. xvi., 23.

2. The *one* loaf represents the *one* body. The greatest weapon in the hands of the Devil, to throttle and to impede the progress and life of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is the divided body. When Christ was on earth He said to His enemies, when they accused Him of being in league with Satan, that "if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand." To-day the Devil can say to the Christ, Your house is divided against itself, and, therefore, from your own statement, it cannot stand. Christ appreciated this fact when He prayed: "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, as we are." "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word, that they all may be one."(1)

When the Church was organized it was a unit. Luke tells us that the Lord added to the Church—not churches. I remember to have heard a preacher thank God for divisions, and pray that he might not live to see the time when the Church would be one. I could not help contrasting his prayer with the one Jesus prayed, and his thank offering with the Apostle Paul, when He

(1) John xvii., 11, 20.

said : “ Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you ; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment. For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you.”(1)

Yes ; the church was divided at Corinth—not so much over doctrine as over preachers. We imagine it was something like this : One class said, “ We like an eloquent man, a word painter, a man with a vivid imagination, and that is Apollos ” ; and when Apollos arrived all the Apollosites went out, but the other “ ites ” remained at home. Others said, “ We like a logician, a rhetorician, a man who can lay down a proposition and prove it, and that is Paul, and we are Paulites ” ; and when Paul arrived the Paulites turned out, but the other “ ites ” remained at home. Others said, “ We like a man who strikes from the shoulder, never sugar-coats his pills, calls things by their names—a man of fire and snap ; that is Cephas, and we are Cephasites.” And still another class said, “ Apollos, with his elo-

(1) I. Cor. i., 10, 11.

quence, Paul, with his logic, and Peter, with his fire and boldness, are all good ; but they are only ministers by whom we believe. They are all ours, and we are Christ's and Christ is God's."(1)

When the denominations desire to hold a meeting, in which they expect souls to be saved, they plead for union. If a union for ten days is good, why not have it ten years ? And if it is a good thing for ten years, why not all the time ? Financially, it pays. Think of a town with a population of 2,000, and six churches costing \$50,000 in buildings, and spending annually \$6,000 to support preachers who preach the doctrines of men ! Instead of six buildings, have one, and build five in places where the Gospel is not preached. Instead of \$6,000 for six preachers, have one, and send five to the foreign field. If the Church were a unit, we would have money enough to evangelize the world without resorting to questionable methods to secure it. We are wasting the Lord's money on denominationalism, and there is no greater sin. We need a conscience in this matter.

Paul said the Corinthians were carnal,

(1) I. Cor. iii.

and he says, in the Roman letter, that carnality is death. Paul was a member of an Endeavor Society, and his pledge was "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." (1) He gives us the platform, and argues the necessity of the unity of God's people. Christ did not pray for church union; the apostles did not advocate church union. Christ prayed for and Paul advocated *unity*. He says: "There is one body [organic], one spirit [to animate the one body], one hope, one Lord [the Creed], one faith [in the one Creed], one baptism [by the authority of the Creed], one God and Father of all." (2) "He gave some, apostles; and some, evangelists; and some, prophets; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come into the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (3) We need to be so absorbed by the Christ that we will lose our identity as denominationalists.

(1) Eph. iv., 3.

(2) Eph. iv., 4-7.

(3) Eph. iv., 11, 12.

Once the writer was present at a meeting in a Presbyterian church, when a narrow-minded sectarian read an essay on "The Presbyterian Church as a Denomination," and he proceeded to tell us that all of the good things which we then enjoyed, even the free schools, had come to us through John Calvin. At the close of this address another minister, a man of wide experience, made an address, in which he said: "I was once traveling in Europe, and on Sunday enquired for a place to worship. I was shown to an old stone building. It was a large house, and divided into many rooms. In one room was the Methodists, in another the Lutherans, in another the Presbyterians, in another the Episcopalians, and in another the Catholics—all worshipping the same God. They were under the same roof, but separated by thin partition walls made by men. I thought, as I sat under this roof, this is like the Church of Christ, divided and separated from each other by the thin walls of opinions made by men, and how much better it would be if all the walls could be removed, and we could stand together as one congregation of believers." This was too good. I became Methodistic, and shouted "*Amen.*"

Thank God, people are growing tired of these human chains—man-made creeds and confessions—and are reaching out for liberty. So long as this institution exists, with its one loaf, will there be a silent, eloquent, powerful, and convincing sermon on Church unity preached. This is the age of investigation and Bible research, and we predict that the twentieth century will usher in the oneness of God's people, when Christ's prayer will be answered, the world will believe, and the kingdoms of the world will become the kingdom of Jesus Christ, the Lord.

3. In what way do we show, or proclaim, Christ's death in this institution? As the servant of God breaks the loaf, we are reminded of the fact that the body of Christ was broken, nailed to the cross; and by faith we behold the nail prints and the open side. As the wine is poured from the vessel, we behold the fountain that was opened in the house of David for cleansing. We see the blood, hear again His groans, and witness again His death.

Each one must partake of these emblems for himself; there can be no substitute. I cannot partake of them for you. Neither can we partake of the divine Christ for any

other than ourselves. Once, while pastor of a church, we had a very interesting prayer-meeting, and those who could not be present would often send a verse to be read for them. One night a young lady came to the pastor, and said: "Sister Dudley could not come to-night, so I came in her place." "You say you came in Sister Dudley's place?" enquired the preacher. "Yes." "Well, I am glad to see you. But who came in your place? I suppose, as you came in her place, *you* are absent." She saw that she was there in her own place, and could not represent another.

How often have you seen the consecrated mother, in a protracted meeting, anxiously watching her dear son, for whom she had prayed and to whom she had talked, wondering if he would not in that meeting confess Christ? I declare unto you, my beloved, that, if it were possible for the preacher to accept Jesus for you, there would not be one sinner left out of Christ. But this he cannot do. You must take Christ for yourself. It is a personal matter.

So it is with this communion. Each man must examine himself; and if we judge ourselves we will not be judged.(1)

(1) I. Cor. xi., 28-32.

Do you ask if I believe in close communion? I do. It should be so close that Christ only be included. When we commune with each other, and begin to judge as to the fitness of others, it becomes too open, and we partake in an unworthy manner. It is the Lord's table, and the Father's children are invited. It is not the privilege of a member to invite; neither is it his privilege to debar. The communion is not a Church ordinance. It was instituted before the Church of Christ was established. It is an ordinance of the King, and His subjects must observe it.

4. What is it? It is not the real, the literal flesh and blood of Christ, but the symbols.

In 1861 a brave volunteer turned his back upon loved ones in his little home, nestling among the hills of the Blue Ridge and the spurs of the Alleghanies, in Craig county, Va., and went to the battle-field to fight for what he believed to be right. On the 3d of July, 1863, in that fatal charge made by Pickett, he was shot down, and there gave his life for his country. On the following day (July 4th) a son was born. As he grew in stature and in knowledge, his mother

would point to a photograph, and tell him that was his father. He grew to be a man, and at last had the privilege of tramping over the ground that had been made sacred with the blood of a father. He cannot express to you his feelings as he stood upon that holy ground ; the acute conception of fancy with the vivid flights of imagination would be inadequate to the task. When he returned to his home, and looked again upon the picture as it hung upon the wall, he remembered that his mother had told him that it was his father. Did she mean that that picture was the real father, in a literal sense ? No ; she meant that that was his photograph, and looked like him. He has never seen him ; but some time he hopes to see him face to face, and then he will no longer need the picture, for he shall see him as he is.

More than nineteen hundred years ago Jesus left His home, said farewell to His Father and the angels, and came to this earth as a volunteer to fight a battle with the world, the flesh, and the Devil. It was on Calvary's brow He met the Devil in all of his satanic majesty, and there for hours waged the war. Angels looked down over the battlements of Heaven, ready to cheer

the Man of Galilee, while devils hissed and jeered. The sun veiled himself in midnight darkness, and refused to shine upon such an awful tragedy ; the moon blushed for shame, and the stars went out ; the earth quaked, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and the Son of God was slain, the Devil was vanquished, and lost humanity was once more won back to God.

We have never seen this elder brother face to face, but He has left His photograph—this institution, and to see this is to see Jesus by faith—through the heart's eye. Some time He is coming to receive us unto Himself, and then we shall be with Him and see Him in His beauty.

5. How often should the disciples remember Christ in this institution ? Why do we as a people observe it every Lord's day ? Why not once per month, or once per quarter, or once per year ? Can we prove from God's Word that we should observe it every Lord's day ? Suppose we try. Why is Sunday called the Lord's day ? Six days belong to us, but one day God has reserved to Himself—not as a Sabbath, but as an high day, His own day, the day on which He does His work. It was on Sunday that the law came down to Moses to redeem Israel

from idolatry ; it was on this day that Christ arose from among the dead : it was on this day that He appeared first to Mary and then to His apostles (1) ; and the next time we see Him is on His own day, for John says : “ And after eight days Jesus stood in their midst.” (2) It was on this day that the Holy Spirit came and the Church was born, Christ was preached, and, for the first time, men were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. (3) The communion is now observed for the first time in the kingdom. Christ had said to His apostles, “ I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me ; that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.” (4) Again He said unto them : “ Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.” (5) What did He mean when He uttered these words ? Did He not mean to say, I drink of the fruit of the vine with you now in the flesh, and outside of the

(1) John xx., 1 and 19.

(2) John xx., 26.

(3) Acts ii., 42-47.

(4) Luke xxii., 29, 30.

(5) Mark xiv., 25.

kingdom; but I will drink it again when the kingdom comes, not in My flesh, but new—that is, in My Spirit. And was not this promise fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, the Lord's day? We are told that "they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." (1) Luke tells us that upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together [For what purpose? To hear preaching? No; but to *break bread*] Paul preached unto them. (2) Breaking of bread was primary and the preaching was secondary. And Paul exhorts the Corinthians to lay by in store on the first day of the week. (3)

But some one says it is nowhere stated that we are to meet on every first day. Once the speaker was associated with an evangelist of the Baptist Church in a union meeting. The evangelist told the people to go to their own churches on Sunday morning, but to come back at night to hear him. This preacher said to the evangelist, "I am sick, and do not feel like preaching to-morrow." "Then

(1) Acts ii., 42.

(2) Acts xx., 7.

(3) I. Cor. xvi., 2.

bring your people over to hear me," was his reply. "But," said the preacher, "we are a peculiar people, and believe we should meet every Lord's day and remember the Lord in the communion, and, if you will promise to have the emblems present, and will give us a part of them, I will come." "But the Bible doesn't say every Lord's day, my brother. It means only when we meet for that purpose it is to be on that day, but it does not mean every first day." The preacher replied that God commanded the Jews to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and it did not mean for them just to keep one once a month, or once a year, and then do as they pleased the rest of the time. "But," said the evangelist, "a Sabbath day is a Sabbath day." "Yes, and a Lord's day is a Lord's day," said the preacher.

How often do you celebrate the 4th of July? Why do you celebrate it once a year? Because it represents an event. So with the communion. It represents the resurrection of Christ, and is on the resurrection day, the *Son's* day.

We find in Leviticus xxiv., 5-8, an account of the shew bread and the tabernacle. The tabernacle is a type of the

church, the Sabbath a type of the Lord's day, and I believe the shew bread is a type of the communion, and the priests a type of Christians. The Lord said to Moses that this bread should be set in order every Sabbath. Now, if these things are types, does it not follow that the antitype must be set in order on every Lord's day? How many congregations among the Disciples are apostolic in this matter? Is it not too true that we preach better than we practice? We are fine in an argument. Have you not seen some who would stickle for a "thus saith the Lord" and make a demand for "chapter and verse" for everything—opposers of organized work, anti-organ, anti-missions, and anti-everything but to ante up; persons who could make it hot for a Methodist on baptism, and could "spute" a week on the necessity of breaking of the bread every Lord's day, but who would themselves be absent at least three-fourths of the time? They can "spute," and the only way to stop their mouths is to ask them for twenty-five cents for missions, and they will disperse immediately. I had rather have in my congregation a man who is blind, deaf, and dumb, but who is always present at the communion service, than to

have an eloquent, logical, and powerful debater, who came only now and then. The first man's practice will be the most logical, eloquent, and convincing argument in favor of weekly communion.

Suppose you were to receive a summons from the Commonwealth to appear in open court on a certain day to testify in behalf of the Commonwealth against a criminal. Would you treat it lightly, and, because of rain, heat, or cold, refuse to go? If you did the judge would enter a rule against you. If you refused again, he would issue an attachment, and an attachment, you know, means to attach—to lay hold of. The sheriff would come, and, with the strong arm of the law, he would force you into the presence of the judge, that you might receive punishment for contempt of the court.

Dearly beloved, we are hereby summoned, in the name of the commonwealth of the Lord Jesus Christ, to appear in open court on the first day of the week, to testify in behalf of the Man of Nazareth against the Devil. For one I am afraid not to heed the call. There is danger of the great Judge of all the earth placing the death warrant into the hands of the sheriff of the supreme court, directing him to bring us into His

presence, to be tried for contempt of the highest court of the universe. And for this awful crime—high treason against the Prince of peace, the Author of life, the Lord of lords, the King of kings, the Son of the Most High—we may be driven from His presence into outer darkness. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is. (1)

Some people tell us that to commune every Lord's day is to make it too common, and that it will rob it of its solemnity and power. Just as well say that prayer, the daily practice of the Christian, will lose its power over your life because of its frequency. Do you know that the great Methodist Church does not only believe in, but actually practices, weekly communion? The Methodist Church is composed, in a measure, of presiding elders, and it is the duty of these presiding elders to conduct quarterly meetings on every Lord's day, and in these meetings they celebrate the Lord's Supper, and therefore partake of these emblems every Lord's day in the year. Now, if these presiding elders, the leaders of their Church, can partake every Lord's

(1) Heb. x., 25.

day, and the institution still retain its solemnity and power to them, may it not also hold good with the entire Church?

I knew a man whose family was composed of a wife and one child, who, when lying upon his dying bed, called to him his wife and baby boy, and said, "I have struggled hard to leave you a home, but have failed"; and, holding a little silver cup in his hand, he said to his companion, "Give him this, and tell him it is all that I had to leave him; tell him to keep this in memory of me." Do you think that that boy will grow tired of looking at that cup— that which represents a father's love and sacrifice? Jesus said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay My head. I must leave you and go back to My Father. I'll leave with you this institution, which symbolizes my broken body and shed blood. Look upon it and think of Me; it represents My love and My sacrifice for you, and by so doing you will publish My death till I come."

Once, we are told, a man was traveling through the East, and in an ancient city he stood before a large stone church. He noticed in front of the church a marble

figure, which represented a pet lamb. He asked the sexton, who stood near, what the figure represented, and she said: "Have you been so long time here and have not heard about it?"

Many years ago a painter had climbed to the top of the steeple, and, while painting it, the scaffold broke. The poor man fell to the hard pavement below, but it did not hurt him. The pet lamb was playing in front of the church, and he fell across the lamb. The fall killed the lamb, and the man, out of the gratitude of his heart, had this monument placed here, that the people might know how he was saved in that fall.

We, too, beloved, fell from our high state; but, thanks be to God, the Lamb of promise, the spotless, sinless Son of God, was in our way, and we fell across Him. The lamb was slain; the blood was made to flow; and He, anxious that we might not forget His love to us, gave this monument to be placed in every congregation, that the world may see and know of our salvation.

6. This institution gives to us an argument for the divinity of Jesus Christ that is absolutely unanswerable. The imagination cannot create anything. This institu-

tion is here, and it must either rest upon falsehood or truth. We believe that Jesus died, and these emblems represent that death. We believe that Jesus arose from the dead, and the day upon which this institution is observed represents that fact. Another proof is the perpetuity of this institution. "Do this," He said, "till I come again." The burning bush seen by Moses could not be consumed, because God was in it. The Church of Jesus Christ has suffered persecution, but for more than nineteen hundred years this institution has existed, testifying in every age to the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

7. "Do this," He said, "till I come again." The precious doctrine of the returning Lord is set forth in this institution—one of the essential and most vital doctrines of the Christ, and yet one that is little preached from the pulpits of our land. He has promised to return. "And while they were looking stedfastly into heaven as He went, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven?' This Jesus which was received up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner

as ye beheld Him going into heaven.' "(1)

"Knowing this first," says the Apostle Peter, "that in the last days mockers shall come with mockery, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? For, from the day that the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (2) "Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you ; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto Myself ; that where I am there ye may be also." (3) "For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first ; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." (4)

(1) Acts i., 10, 11.

(2) II. Pet. iii., 3, 4.

(3) John xiv., 1, 3.

(4) I. Thess. iv., 16, 18.

Yes, He is coming again, and in such an hour as we think not. At that awful, fearful mid-night hour, when all humanity is hushed in sleep, and all is silent, save now and then the rippling of a gentle zephyr, which shall go forth to kiss the bosom of some placid lake, the Son of Man will come. His angel will descend from Heaven, clothed with a cloud, with a rainbow about his head, and, with one foot on the earth and the other on the sea, with an outstretched hand toward Heaven, he will declare that time shall be no longer. The oath shall no sooner proceed from his lips than it shall be ratified by the God of Heaven. The trumpet shall sound and resound throughout the universe, and shall penetrate every grave and the depths of the sea. The sleeping dust shall revive, and those who sleep, in company with the untold millions who sleep in death, shall awake, only to see that the sable curtain has been rent in twain from top to bottom, and that the mid-night darkness has been dispelled by the glorious light bursting forth from the Son of God.

Yes, we shall see Him coming, not guided by the shimmering light of the star of Bethlehem, but by His own ineffable

glory, which shall beam forth into the faces of His many saints, and from them reflected into the dark corners of the earth and the innermost depths of our hearts, making them like unto transparent glass, thus revealing all of our loathsome and ungodly deeds which we have ungodly committed. We shall see Him coming, not to be born in a stable, but to be King of kings and Lord of lords. We shall see Him coming, not to receive a reed of mockery, but to receive the sceptre of the universe. We shall see Him coming, not to be summoned before Pilate's bar, but to summon Pilate and Herod, the Jewish Sanhedrim, with all the nations of the earth, to stand before His own inflexible bar, to give an account for the deeds done in the body. Yes, we shall see Him coming, not to receive a crown of thorns, but to receive a crown be-decked and bejeweled with glittering stars, from the hand of Almighty God, the Father. Coming, with ten thousand of His saints, to take vengeance on them who know not God, and who have obeyed not the Gospel of the Son of God. Coming to reward every man according to his work. May the Lord hasten His coming ! Come, Lord Jesus !

ORIGINAL SAYINGS.

Rascality. — Drunkenness, worldliness, profanity, and evil-speaking are all bad, but no worse than dishonesty. We turn men out of the Church for either of these, but the man who gets rich on the interest of what he owes is promoted, and, because of his financial standing (?), exerts a wide influence in church rule. Let a negro steal a chicken, and he is permitted to look through iron bars for sixty days; let him steal a horse, and he becomes a representative of crime in the halls of the penitentiary. But let a wise man—one who dresses well, occupies a high seat in the synagogue, sings in the church choir, prays in public, helps to pay the preacher, gives more than he is able—steal a railroad or \$10,000, and he is called a good business man, long-headed and “smart,” and for this deed he is elected to Congress.

Party Loyalty.—Some men are so loyal to party that they will, to succeed, stoop to all kinds of political trickery. If their party were to nominate the Devil, and Christ were the opposing candidate, they would vote for the Devil, and, in order to elect him, would

cheat Jesus Christ out of his votes, and then cover themselves with what they call patriotic glory.

The Five Classes.—There are five classes who attend church—sap-heads, swell-heads, sore-heads, figure-heads, and dead-heads. The first class is composed of those who are fresh, young, and green. The second are those who are, in their own minds, very intellectual, and know just what ought to be said and done, and how. If the pastor could get their influence for what it is worth, and dispose of it for what they think it is worth, he would have a church free from debt. The third class are those who go to church with their feelings, their troubles, and blues, and are looking for insults, and must be “handled with care, right side up.” The fourth class are those who have no influence for Christ. They are negative church members, and most churches have a large number of this class. The fifth are those who see the opportunity after it has passed, are always late at church, and are known only when they are in want. They complain if the preacher does not call, and expect him to learn of their troubles by intuition. They never contribute to the

Lord's work, but expect the church to contribute to them when they are sick or in want. To which class do you belong?

Not What They Seem.—The pot boils loudest when nearest empty. The stalks of wheat are straightened when the heads are empty. The contents of the cranium are usually estimated by the manner in which the possessors of the craniums carry them.

Cheap Grades.—Many of the converts that are turned out in the so-called revivals by the use of sensationalism, death-bed scenes, and many other curious earthly instrumentalities, are found, after the evangelist gets away, to be like much of the furniture we get now-a-days—principally veneering, and of a cheap grade at that.

The Way to Stop a Dispute.—We have often found people who are proud of being able to announce to the world that they belong to the Church—the Apostolic Church of Christ—and they are ever ready, by their gifts of speech, to defend the doctrine, and they are in their natural element when in dispute with a Methodist on baptism. My, but they can “spute”! The only way to

close their mouths and stop their fuss is to ask them for twenty-five cents for missions.

Succession.—While it might be difficult to trace the succession of the churches of to-day to the Apostle Peter, it would be an easy task to trace the life and example of many of the members back to Judas.

Innovation—Renovation.—If some of our dear “anti” brethren, who are always anxious for the chapter and verse, would talk and write more about renovation, and less about innovation, the Church would enjoy better health.

Quick Growth.—It does not follow that because a youth is quick to “catch on,” or can commit to memory his lessons by going over them once or twice, he is deep or has a master mind ; neither is it true that those who confess Christ, and in the “revival” give evidence of spiritual life, full and sloshing over, are always the factors in Christ’s kingdom of great power. Cabbages, turnips, mushrooms, etc., are of a rapid, hustling growth, and they soon decay ; but the oak takes its time, sees that it takes in and assimilates the best of the

soil, and will make the generations that follow it to know it has come to stay.

Cold and Heat.—Some people who will not attend church because of the intense heat, and who are affected only on Thursday nights and Sundays, will some day find themselves in a clime where they don't shovel snow and where water will be hard to get.

Mission Sharp Shots.—One man says: "We have many at home who have never obeyed the Gospel; wait until they are all converted, and then it will be time to preach to the heathen." Suppose, when the hungry multitude, in waiting for Christ to feed them, had, in obedience to His command, seated themselves in companies, fifty in a row, waiting for the disciples to give them the food that had been prepared for them; that these disciples had begun with row No. 1, and had offered to each in the row, but one man would refuse to eat, with "No, I thank you." The disciples would again begin at the head of the same row and pass, offering to the one who had passed, thus continuing for an hour or more, trying to persuade this one man to eat while all the

rest of the multitude were hungry and anxious for an opportunity to eat. The Master looks about him, and we think is heard to say, "What are you doing?" Peter replies, "Master, one fellow here won't eat a bit." "Did you offer it to him?" "Yes, many times; but he won't eat." "Then why don't you offer it to those who will eat? Leave him alone, and go to the rest."

"But," says another, "let's save our neighbors." "Who is your neighbor?" "The man whose land joins mine." "Is this your land?" "Yes." "How far down does the line extend?" "To the centre of the earth—half way through." "Whose land joins you there?" "The China-man's." "Then he is your neighbor; go tell him of Jesus."

But another says, "Charity begins at home," and this fellow really believes he can find the expression in the Bible; but, if he will read I. Cor. xiii., 5, he will find that charity begins as *far from* home as it can get, and selfishness begins at home and ends at the place of its birth.

We are to be witnesses for Christ. What is the work of a witness? To testify. Sup-

pose you are in a court-room and acting as a juror, and a man is placed before you in the witness-box. The judge tells him to state all he knows to the jury. He proceeds, but, after he gets to the end of his story, he begins and repeats the entire story. He does this for quite a number of times. The judge stops him by saying, "If you have told all, you may stand aside." But he reminds the judge that one juror will not believe, and begins to repeat the evidence. The judge orders him out of the box, by telling him it is only his duty to testify, and, if the juror will not believe, it is none of his fault. It is our business to preach Christ. The world is the jury, and, if some will not believe, it is not our fault after we have testified. Have we testified?

Don't trouble yourself by a desire to know if the heathen can be saved without the Gospel. Remember the important and personal question is: Can I be saved unless I do all I can to give him the Gospel? This should be the conscience probe.

Preach the Word.—Some preachers, like small bodies of water, are so wide and so broad in their preaching that there is but little depth. They are so anxious to please

every one, and thus get the praise of men, that they place themselves in positions to get the frowns of God. That preacher who boasts that he never preaches "doctrine," and who is afraid to say, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sin" (Acts ii., 37, 38); "Arise and be baptized and wash away your sin, calling on the name of the Lord" (Acts xxii., 16); "And they went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him"; "And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch" (Acts viii., 37-40), has no business with the Disciples, but should go where he belongs. Suppose Peter, Philip, Paul, and other inspired teachers had courted men's approval, and refused to preach the whole counsel of God, what would we know to-day of the plan of salvation? There is only one thing to preach to please God; that is the Word. The man who preaches anything else is not God's minister. If doctrine were needed in the apostolic age, it is needed now. Preach the Word, my brethren. God has promised that His word shall not return unto Him void. "Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you."

Not Conscious.—Evidently Moses was not a man who was proud of his personal appearance. Had he been like some people, he would have been the first one to detect the brightness of his face which was received on the mount; but others discovered it first. It matters not whether we are conscious of our goodness or sanctification, so the people see it.

Aggressive.—“Woe be unto you when all men speak well of you.” If a man does his duty, he must be aggressive; and aggressive means rubbing a person the wrong way; and the fellow rubbed will, in all probability, find it out, and when he does he will most likely say something of you not altogether complimentary. If people do not object to you, then you are floating with the current and are shirking your duty.

Common Sense.—Some people do not exercise as much judgment and taste as a cow or horse. If you give them hay, in which there are rocks, sticks, and briars, they will at once gather out the hay and leave the rest. But some people, when being fed from the pulpit, will take from the sermon everything that is not relished, leaving all the good

untouched, and then whine because of hunger or indigestion.

Hard Job.—The person who undertakes to please everybody will find himself engaged in a most difficult work, and at last will curse himself for being such a fool as to undertake such a job.

Gospel Shot.—If the grape shot of the Gospel does not reach the heart by the way of the pocket-book, then it has made but little impression upon the wounded.

The Red Flag.—Train-men are required, when their trains stop, to at once go back several feet and hang out a red flag, to prevent moving trains from running into them and being wrecked. Church members, who are running on the race track of life, should know that it is dangerous to come to a stand-still—not only to themselves, but to those coming after them. They become stumbling blocks, over which souls stumble and are ruined. They should at least be thoughtful enough to hang out their flag, and not pretend to be running for Heaven—recognized as church members—when they

are dead beats, church loafers, ecclesiastical tramps, hypocrites.

Important Questions.—Matthew, where was Christ baptized? “Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.” “And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway from the water.” (Matt. iii., 13, 16.)

But, Brother Mark, we do not understand. Did Matthew mean to say that Christ was baptized *in* or *near by* the Jordan? “And it came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in [*eis*] the Jordan.” (Mark i., 9, 10.)

John, how much water did it take in those days to baptize a man? “And John also was baptizing in Ænon near to Salim, because there was much water there; and they came, and were baptized.” (John iii., 23.)

Philip, how and where did you baptize the eunuch? “And as they went on the way, they came unto a certain water,” “and he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they both went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they came up out of the

water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip.” (Acts viii., 36, 40.)

Paul, some one said you were baptized in a house, standing up. Is it true, and what does baptize mean? “We were *buried*, therefore, with Him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life. For if we have been *planted* in the likeness of His death, we shall be also by the likeness of His resurrection.” (Rom. vi., 4, 5.)

But, Paul, did you just get a little water on your head, or did you get wet all over? “Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our *body washed with pure water*.” (Hebrews x., 22.)

Dr. Luke, is this question of baptism of much importance? I mean, can I just be baptized or let it alone? “And all the people when they heard, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and the lawyers rejected for themselves the counsel of God, being not baptized of him.” (Luke vii., 29, 30.)

Now, will not some of these good preachers who say Christ was sprinkled or poured please tell us why He went to and then into

the Jordan? If they say it was because John did not have a cup, and only went to the edge of the Jordan in order to dip the water with the hand, we ask, why did not John take a cup with him, since he was in that business? And why does Mark use the Greek work *eis*, which means *into* the Jordan, when, had it been only on the edge, he would have used *en*? And Philip and the eunuch came *unto* (near by), but that was not enough; they then went *into* (*eis*). And if Paul was baptized standing up, he says of himself that he was *buried*, and we always lay people down when we bury them. And again, he tells us that if we desire to be like Him in His (Christ's) resurrection, we must be *planted* in the likeness of His death. Now, when we plant seed we cover it up all over. And again, Paul says he had his body washed with pure water. Why not take the Bible and do just as it says?

Understanding in the Song.—How many persons in our church choirs sing with the spirit and with the understanding? Have you not heard them sing: "I love Thy kingdom, Lord, the house of Thine abode," when you knew they had not been inside

of the house of worship since the last "big meeting," when the evangelist was in town? Then they were in the front of the charge, and to the evangelist they appeared to be deeply in earnest, and in all probability they impressed him with the opinion that the church owed its existence to their efforts; but the pastor and the faithful few well knew such was not the case, for they had not been accused of saying or doing anything for Christ for twelve months. They had not even warmed a bench, and, when the offering was taken for missions, did you see them scratch for their coppers, and when the plate reached them drop them in with a twenty-dollar thud?

Have you not found yourself singing, "I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold," and at the same time you were giving your purse-strings an extra pull—and with a degree of joy, as you thought of that favor you granted your poor brother who, when in a hard place, had borrowed twenty dollars with the promise of ten per cent. interest?

Did you ever notice the members of that trained choir in that magnificent church building on Lord's day morning, as they sounded their notes with much earnestness of throat and uttered the words, "Naked,

poor, despised, forsaken?" The poor creatures! Did you not pity them on account of their poverty? The women dressed in silk and the men in broadcloth, while the fingers which held the hymn-books were covered with rings that sparkled brilliantly with costly diamonds.

An amusing thing occurred in a United Brethren church in this State. A special revival was in progress; the people were being aroused and were nearing a white heat, when the choir pitched into an old-fashioned revival hymn, with the chorus, "My Whole Soul is Zionward." One of the most zealous workers failed to catch the words, but he had gotten the tune, and this is what he sang: "My whole soul is iron-works; my whole soul is iron-works." Really, how much genuine consecration is found in the worship now-a-days? "In the last days grievous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, haughty, railers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, implacable, slanderers, without self-control, fierce, no lovers of good, traitors, headstrong, puffed up, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God; holding a form of godliness, but

having denied the power thereof." (See II. Tim., 3d chapter.)

The Cake Walk.—Imagine Paul, in order to raise a little money for the work at Corinth, assembling with his elders and deacons at the home of Brother Aquila, where many invited guests (church members and those who are not) had gathered to attend a fashionable cake walk; the cake having been prepared by Sister Priscilla. The parlor has been beautifully decorated, the musician is in his place, his banjo in hand, and at the signal of one of the elders the earnest, enthusiastic contestants go forth to win the prizes. Pastor Paul and Sister Priscilla, with blackened faces, lead the march, and after several rounds they are voted the cake for being the most graceful walkers. They then put up the cake to be voted to the most beautiful young lady, at twenty-five cents per vote. The young lady who wins it, out of a heart of gratitude, offers to put it up again, to be drawn at twenty-five cents per chance. Next morning the *Daily News* gives a glowing report of the affair. Big head-lines at the top of the column on the first page make the following report: "A

Swell Affair—Never Anything Like it Before—The Lord's Treasury, Once Empty, Now Full—\$250.00 Raised in Two Hours.—Last night one of the most attractive cake walks ever witnessed in the city was given at the home of Mr. Aquila, on Church street. The best people of the city were present. The persons who entered the contest were made up from all ranks; they were attractively dressed, their faces black, with a view of imitating the inhabitants of Africa. The popular pastor of the Christian Church in this city, Paul, D. D., and Mrs. Priscilla, a deaconess of the church and one of the best church workers in the city, took the cake. Miss Humility, a daughter of one of the elders, was voted the cake for being the most beautiful young lady, and Deacon Honesty was the lucky person at the drawing, he having the number that won the fine cake, which had been made by Mrs. Priscilla. Five hundred chances were taken, but only one captured the cake. The whole affair resulted in \$250.00 cleared, which will be used for the Church of Christ in this city."

Charitable Institutions.—Charitable institutions in China are for the dead. How

far are we ahead of the people of that land? Do we not give all of our good words, flowers, and kind acts to the dead? Let's give them to the living. If you have any flowers or kind words for me, give them to me now. Do not wait till I am gone, and then put them on my grave and tombstone.

Tramp Churches.—It is generally agreed that long pastorates are best, and we look upon the preacher who changes his field of work annually or semi-annually with a small degree of suspicion. But has it ever occurred to you that the preacher is not always to blame for these moves! The church and the preacher should be married to each other, and churches and preachers are not all suited to each other, any more than all men and women are suited. Husbands and wives separate, but the fault is not always that of the man; neither is the fault of tramp preachers always that of the preachers, but churches are as often in fault. We have lots of restless, fickle, childish, spoiled churches; churches that put themselves under obligation to have a new preacher at least once a year. It is impossible to live in peace with some

people. There are some churches that will never be pleased while on earth. Angels couldn't please them. Christ does not.

Sermon Peddlers.—One of the most contemptible practices of our age is this of peddling sermons. Churches, without preachers, advertise in our papers; preachers answer these letters, and then these churches call them, not to take charge of the work, but to measure them or size them up! They are expected to visit said church with at least two of their old sermons and for sixty minutes in the pulpit, which has been converted into an advertising block, they stand and pour out their stale eloquence, at the conclusion of which, in a silent way, they say, "Now you have heard me," like a drummer of a wholesale house; "I have given you two samples of what I have. What do you think of me? How do you like me? What am I worth?" Disgusting is such a practice, in the extreme. The sooner preachers let such churches know that they are not spiritual sermon peddlers the better.

The World is the Field.—Go preach the Gospel to the whole creation. The Lord did

not divide the world into classes—home and foreign. The human race is recognized as one family. Brotherhood is not a question of geography. Our neighbors are not only those who live near us. Philanthropy, unlike our continent, has no latitudinal or longitudinal boundaries. The world is the field, and each member of the body must either go or send. The question is personal, and is not so much, Can the heathen be saved without the Gospel? but, Can I be saved if I do not take or send it?

Spasmodic Christianity.—Some people's Christianity, like wet-weather springs, comes and goes by fits and spells. The current comes from near the surface, and is rather of an impure nature. Many of this kind in a church generally have a tendency to give the work an unhealthy appearance.

Church Tramps.—Why is it that some people who are good church workers when in their home congregation are spiritual loafers when away from home? The Lord deliver a church from ecclesiastical tramps.

Gnat Strainers.—Some churches are greatly exercised over individual cups in

communion. They claim to be afraid they will contract some bodily disease, and yet some of these individuals who are much concerned about the health of their bodies do not hesitate to rush into spiritual contagion, where their souls are liable to contract soul leprosy in any and all of its forms, and yet they give themselves no uneasiness. Gnat strainers ! camel swallowers !

Receipt Given.—A distiller once shipped a barrel of the liquid fire, and, as he put it into the car, demanded of the agent a receipt. How could he give it ! Never, until the last man ruined by its influence, the last heart of wife and mother that is crushed, and the last cry of the orphan, and the last shriek of the damned, give in their testimony at that last great day, can he receive a full receipt for that barrel of misery and ruin.

Should I Preach.—Should I occupy the pulpit ? Not if you can keep out of it. But when you find that the Lord is calling for you, and that to refuse to answer is to bring upon your soul eternal condemnation, then prepare yourself and enter it. God has ordained that men shall preach

the Gospel. It is to be by the foolishness of preaching that men are to be saved. God does not call fools to preach. He did not say foolish preaching, but foolishness of preaching. I would rather be one of a number to pay some men good salaries not to preach than to preach. Some men are called to preach and some men are called to hear. The pew is as much in demand as the pulpit. If you cannot be a successful preacher, be a successful listener.

Acclimated.—Some church members are so unaccustomed to the presence and fellowship of Christ and the redeemed that if they are permitted to enter Heaven they will be a long time getting used to the place. To be healthy and to enjoy it there, we must become acclimated down here.

Help Yourself.—Do your own thinking. This is the only way for you to impress upon the people your personality and individuality. Be yourself, and not a bundle of flesh and bones dressed up in other person's thoughts, habits, etc. There is nothing which so adds to the treasures of the mind as its own thinking. It is all very well to read and gather to yourself the

wisdom of others, but, after having done this, don't fail to let your thinker loose. Give it plenty of rope, and you will get more good out of what you have read; it will make a healthier, broader, and more useful being of you. A child learns to walk by walking; you must learn to think by thinking.

God's Scales.—Some scales will not weigh unless you drop a penny in at the slot. You may stand upon them, but you are weightless until you pay, so far as the scales are concerned. Your prayers and talks for the conversion of the world have no weight with God unless you pay before they are put on His scales.

Church Bossism.—We are in favor of all societies in the church, with the exception of the foot-ball team. Some church members are never so well pleased as when in a kicking contest. They must kick. They will kick the preacher, if he will permit it; they will kick the church when it does not get down in dust and ashes and surrender to their every whim. If they cannot find anything else to kick, they will kick themselves. Kicking is their chief delight. May

the Lord free the churches from the football team!

The Church of Christ.—Each Protestant Church claims to be the old original Church of Christ. Let us suppose that some one gets hold of the first knife that was ever made. After a while some one gets the blade out of the knife and makes him a knife, and then says he has the old knife. Another gets another blade and makes him a knife; another gets a screw and makes a knife, etc.—each claiming to have the old knife. Now all of them have a part, but no one has all of the knife. This is what the Disciples want to do—take all of the old blades, screws, etc., and put them together into the old knife, and then all of us own the knife. It is true a good deal of material will be left out, but what matters it, if we get the old knife together? All of the old Jerusalem Church—no one has all of it. We want to take from all of the churches the apostolic marks, material, etc., and put them into one organization. Of course, to do this will mean to leave off a good deal of material, but what of it, when we remember the surplus is only of human origin—a man-made surplus?

Flirting.—All honest people look upon a flirt with contempt. It is bad for men and women to flirt with each other, but the worst form of flirting is that of preachers flirting with a number of churches. Imagine Paul or Peter or John engaged in such a disgusting business. But as long as churches continue the practice of having preachers preach trial sermons, just so long will the sin of flirting be indulged in. Think of such a thing as a sermon peddler! Better dig sand and sell it for a living.

The Body and the Spirit—The body is designed of God to be a temple for the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit, but when the temple has been polluted by red liquor, this heavenly guest at once takes its departure. Let all church members see to it that they keep their house in order.

Small-Pox Religion.—Sam Jones says: “Religion is like the small-pox, contagious, and, when one man in a community gets it, others are certain to catch it.” If this be true, from general observation we must conclude that the majority have been vaccinated by the Devil, and have only varioloid.

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